



BY  
A.P. Purey-Cust, D.D.  
DEAN OF YORK.

My dearest Minnie  
In memory  
of many happy  
in the old Capital  
of the North  
from S. W. H.  
new year  
1910





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PICTURESQUE OLD YORK.

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Jackson at his Works, "Belgrave  
Press," Leeds, July, 1909.*







*James IV., of Scotland.*  
*From the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.*

---

*“He saw the wreck his rashness wrought,  
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,  
And fell on Flodden plain.”*

*Scott.*

# PICTURESQUE OLD YORK

CHAPTERS HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

BY THE

VERY REV. A. P. PUREY-CUST, D.D.

DEAN OF YORK

AUTHOR OF "WALKS ROUND YORK MINSTER,"

"HERALDRY OF YORK MINSTER," &c., &c.



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TO

THE NORTHERN PROVINCE

FROM

ARTHUR P. PUREY-CUST

LATE FELLOW OF ALL SOULS

AND NOW

DEAN OF YORK



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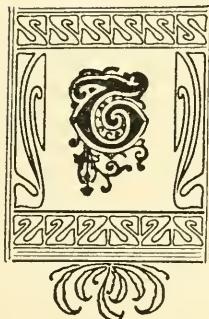
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## CHAPTER I.

### YORK IN ROMAN DAYS.



HE present City of York is but a very imperfect survival of at least three very beautiful and important cities. It is difficult, while gazing on its closely-packed streets, and listening to the incessant railway-whistles, to idealize what it must have been in the ancient days of the Roman occupation, when the broad stream of the Ouse swept down to its union with the Foss (then lately dug out and widened to facilitate the importation of provisions), its banks clad with dense forest, and the strong and high walls of the great fortress of Eburacum standing up amidst the trees, girt about with many beautiful villas, and public baths and dwelling-places of different gradations for the various classes who clustered round for protection, or were associated with the great military force encamped within. Little in the shape of building remains above ground,

save the great Multangular Tower, with some portion of the Roman Wall on either side; but if they may be regarded as specimens of the workmanship of the great edifice, it must have been of a very substantial and commanding character. What the surrounding habitations were, there are only foundations, which here and there have been unearthed, to indicate; but the Museum is full of fragments of beauty and taste, which show how cultured and wealthy were the denizens thereof, and that the Emperor Trajan himself had at least one palace close at hand, while the great officers of the Roman army and state had appropriate villas around. Recent excavations for the railway and station have yielded sculptured tombs of massive and solemn character, which, if their inscriptions be true, once contained the bodies or the ashes of persons of high rank in the Roman community, and have revealed wide-spread traces of sepulture testifying to the existence of vast cemeteries along the western bank of the river, showing how large a population in those ancient days located here. Indeed, the many inscriptions seem to enable us, in some degree, to idealize those ancient days, and to realize the personalities and characters of those who then peopled the Camp and City.

The Roman Garrison (the élite of the Roman army), men of chivalrous and even tender traits of character, as well as invincible courage and iron will, comprising:—First, the Ninth Legion, “*Legio nona Hispana*,” which had accompanied Claudius to Britain in 44, and had been nearly decimated at Camelodunum (Colchester) by Boadicea, carrying out while stationed here some express

commands of the Emperor Trajan, which a tablet commemorates.

Another tablet records Lucius Duccius Rufinus, their standard-bearer, the Standard in his right hand, and above his head a little cross which seems to indicate that he was a Christian ; and an altar, surely of special interest in Yorkshire—the devotion of Lucius Celerinus Vitalis, Cornicularius, or Cornet of the Legion, to Silvanus, the god of Hunting.

Secondly, the Sixth Legion, “*Legio, Sexta, victrix, pia, fidelis*,” as they proudly styled themselves, the bodyguard of the Emperor Hadrian when he first came from Germany to Britain, since then the builders of his famous wall, and (to the close of the Roman occupation) stationed at Eboracum. What an insight do we obtain to their tone and character in the memorials of them which remain ! Manlius Crescens, a veteran member thereof, doubtless a warrior of proved courage and endurance ; Felicius Simplex, a private soldier, but a tender father, who dedicates a stone to his child, Simplicia Florentina, “a most innocent being who lived ten months ;” C. Eresius, his comrade, a bereaved husband and parent, who laments his young wife Flavia Augustina, aged thirty-nine, his infant son Augustinus, and his little daughter ; Aurelia Censorina, inscribes a memorial panel to Aurelius Superus, a centurion, her husband ; and Marcus Minucius Mudenus, evidently a genial, jovial personage, gubernator, “of the Sixth Legion,” pilot or perhaps the pioneer, who still cherishing doubtless, the memories of a mother’s loving care, erects an altar to the mothers of Africa, Italy, and Gaul, “*libens latus merito*.” Nor are

there lacking memorials to other military men, probably what we should now call members of the staff:—Antonius, prefect of the soldiers; Publius *Ælius* Marciānus, another prefect, who to Jupiter and all friendly household gods and goddesses presents an altar as a thankoffering for the health of himself and his family; Sosia, wife of Quintus Antonius Iasauricus, legate of the Emperor, who would promote the safety of her husband by an altar to the goddess Fortuna.

And civilians there as well as military:—A sarcophagus contains the remains of Bellator, the decurion *i.e.* member of the civic council or senate, to which the title of “*splendidissimus ordo*” was applied—an important person therefore, small of stature, indeed, but wearing on his finger a gold ring set with a ruby. An inscription on a large stone coffin, discovered near the city walls in 1877, testifies that it once contained all that was mortal of Julia Fortunata, a native of Sardinia, “*Diogeni Fida conjuncta marito*,” a faithful woman, united to her husband Diogenes (one of the seviri, a college or legal corporation composed of wealthy tradesmen), whose sarcophagus, bearing this laconic inscription, “*Haec sibi, vivus fecit*,” implying that he had set up both stones to himself and his wife while he was yet alive, was found some three hundred years ago near this place, but, such was the respect shown to ancient memorials in those days, it was carried to Hull, used as a horse-trough at “the Coach and Horses” Inn, at Beverley for many years, and has now altogether disappeared.

A stone altar, dedicated to “*Matribus domesticis*,” the

goddesses of the house and home, by Caius Julius Crescens, indicates a thorough “family man.”

Two stones testify to another phase of Roman life, viz. :—the condition of the slave; one, to the confidence which the master, probably a goldsmith, reposed in his slave, by its terse caution, “*Servile utere felix tabernam aurifacinam* ;” another, that the relationship of slave and master could become one of mutual kindness and attachment, for, to the memory of his late mistress *Ælia Severa*, the young widow, aged twenty-seven, of Coecilius Rufus, Coecilius Musicus, as her freed-man, erects a stone. A tablet of bone on the breast of a skeleton, incised with these words, “*Domine Victor, vincas felix*,” indicates the gladiator, and suggests the arena with its thrilling combats and exciting races. Corellius Fortis demonstrates, on a tablet, the tender solicitude of a father for a daughter’s death at thirteen years of age; Theodora, that of a mother for a beloved son cut off in the prime of life, at thirty-six. *Ælia*, Aliana, daughter of a soldier, whose shield was found in Schleswig, some time ago.

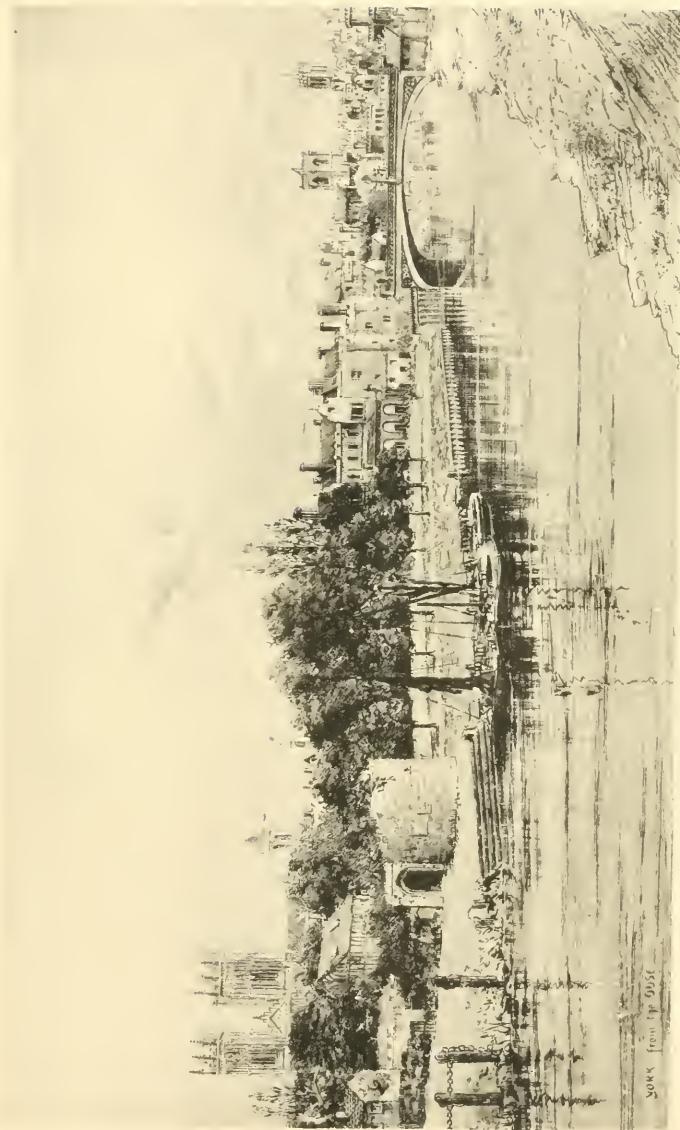
But perhaps the most important of all, the body of a Christian girl found in Sycamore Terrace in 1901. Enclosed in the sarcophagus with the body were her trinkets and the glass disc and glass bottle—the paten and cruet of her viaticum, and bone slip with the inscription, “*Soror ave vivas in Deo*”—“Farewell sister, thou shalt live in God,” a very common inscription among the Christian burials in the Catacombs.

But whose head was adorned with the tress of auburn hair, which, saved by the ready hand of Chancellor Raine from a newly-opened coffin, is carefully

treasured here? Who were Minne, Decimina, Gabinia, to each of whom but a fragment bearing the name remains?—darling children? belles of the garrison or city? fair brides? graceful, perhaps welcome, members of society? gracious hostesses? tender mothers? passed away, leaving behind them but the name—once valued, then cherished, but long since forgotten.

What visions are conjured up by such memories, and of the houses in which they lived, by the fragments of what once adorned their dwellings, but now fill the cases around! The tesselated floors, the figured tiles, the Roman bricks, the jugs, bottles, bowls of pottery, the drinking vessels of glass, the Samian ware, the ampullæ and amphoræ, the trinket-box of some Roman lady, the ornaments which graced others, bracelets and rings of bronze, finger-rings of gold and cornelian and onyx, fibulæ of enamelled silver, eardrops of garnet, hairpins of jet, dresspins of ivory. Mere fragments! Mere survivals! Nevertheless tokens of the luxuries of that refined and cultured age, which must have made Eboracum a brilliant city as it was a mighty camp, and which this strong and accomplished people seem to have ever reproduced wherever and in whatever climate they might be placed.

The River, too, would be alive with ships—stately triremes which had brought contingents of the Roman legions from Gaul, or which waited to convey them up stream or down, in whichever direction their services might be required; while gilded galleys no doubt flitted hither and thither on errands of duty, or occasions of pleasure.



YORK from the Ouse. By E. Piper, R.P.E.



The confluence of the rivers, now called "The Castle Milnes," and perhaps the broad pool beyond, termed in Edward III's day "*Stagnum regis de Foss*," created by the Romans as the dock in which might be gathered the vessels which had brought cargoes of provisions and corn along the widened channel of the little stream which they had excavated, from the inland country around, where are now the villages of Strensall, Stillington, and Sheriff Hutton, would be packed with boats of burden, to stock and replenish the great emporium here established, to victual the army and support the great population of the city. Surely there is enough to kindle in any imagination a faint, perhaps, but a fair conception of Roman York—"no mean city" fully endorsing the after-description of William of Malmesbury, "*Eboracum urbs ampla et Metropolis est Elegantia Romanae praeferens indicium.*"





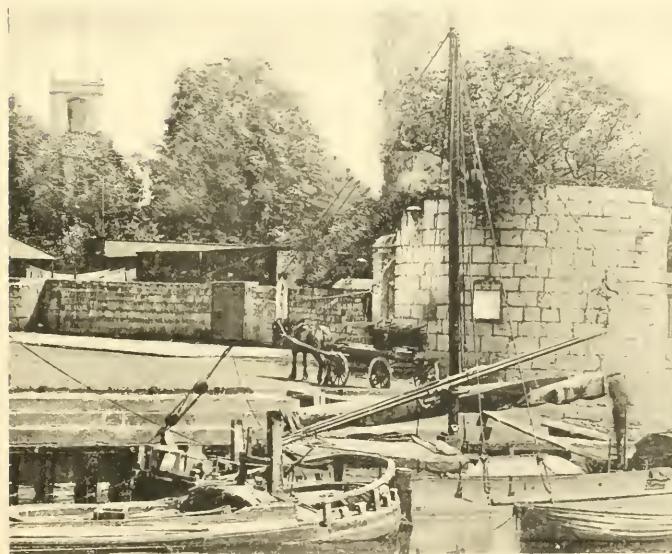
## ROMAN YORK.—CONTINUED.

### CHAPTER II.

**T**WO scenes during the Roman occupation, I would I could present to you. The one the funeral of Constantius Caesar, who fresh from his victories over the barbarians of Caledonia, expired in one of the stately villas here. What a scene it must have been. The dark night illumined with countless torches flashing on helm, and shield, and spear, of the assembled cohorts, the body clad in his official robes, resting on a costly couch of ivory, and covered with gold and purple, carried on the shoulders of the chief men of the army, preceded by lictors and musicians playing mournful strains, and women singing funeral songs in praise of the deceased. Followed by his son Constantine, perhaps himself a native of York, to whom he had been so lately reunited, and who must have been in the zenith of his youth and beauty, and all the principal men of Eboracum, to the forum, where the funeral oration was delivered commemorating his life and actions. Then the body, on its ivory couch, laid



"The Castle Milnes" and Lock.



Tower at the bottom of Marygate. See pp. 145.



on the pile of wood built in the form of an altar covered with leaves. His beloved son, setting fire to the pile, with his head turned away, and perfumes scattered on the flames as they rose and consumed all that was mortal of that noble form. Then when the flames died down, the ashes of the deceased reverently collected and placed in a costly urn, to be conveyed to Rome, and laid in the sepulchre of his ancestors. What a solemn scene. Only equalled if not eclipsed by that which followed soon after, when the assembled army unanimously elected Constantine in his father's place with the hoarse shout of ten thousand voices "*Ave Caesar Imperator.*"

These, however, are but the dry bones of the great nation which once peopled this spot. I would that I had the magician's power and could restore them to life, even for a few moments, that you might realize their vigour and comeliness. Alas! I cannot do so, neither would any word painting of mine portray them to your imagination. But other and more skilful pens have, however, in a measure, been more successful. Let us invoke their help, and listen to their descriptions of the mighty dead in life and action.

Bulwer Lytton, in "The last Days of Pompeii," shall help us first. Here is the Roman Dandy, such an one as, no doubt, often paraded the camp and City of Eboracum. "A young man in a chariot of the most fastidious and graceful fashion. Upon its surface of bronze were elaborately wrought, in the still exquisite workmanship of Greece, reliefs of the Olympian games. The two horses which drew the car were of the rarest breed of

Parthian. He wore no toga, which, in the time of the Emperors, had ceased to be the general distinction of the Romans, but his tunic glowed with the richest hue of the Tyrian dye, and the fibulæ or buckles by which it was fastened with emeralds. Around his neck was a chain of gold, which, in the middle of his breast, twisted itself into the form of a serpent's head, from the mouth of which hung pendant a large signet ring of elaborate and most exquisite workmanship. The sleeves of the tunic were loosed and fringed at the hand with gold, across the waist a girdle wrought in arabesque designs and of the same material as the fringe, served in lieu of pockets for the receptacle of the handkerchief and the purse, the stilus and the tablets."

Or another, a stately gentleman. "His tunic was of the most dazzling white, his many fibulæ were formed of the most precious stones, over his tunic flowed a long Eastern robe, half gown, half mantle, glowing in the richest hues of Tyrian dye. And the sandals which reached half way up the knee were studded with gems."

Charles Kingsley, from "Hypatia," shall set before us a young lady of the Period, "dressed in a simple snow white Ionic robe, falling to the feet and reaching to the throat, and of that peculiar severe and graceful fashion in which the upper part of the dress falls downwards again from the neck to the waist in a sort of cape, entirely hiding the outline of the bust, while it leaves the arms and the points of the shoulders bare.

Her dress was entirely without ornament, except the two narrow purple stripes down the front, which marked her rank as a Roman citizen, the gold embroidered

shoes upon her feet, and the gold net, which looped back, from her forehead to her neck, hair the colour and gloss of which were hardly distinguishable from that of the metal itself."

Here is another sketch, by the former author, of a young lady at her toilet which seems to give life and animation to the pins and buckles and ornaments, which still survive in our museum, and of the tress of hair which always attracts our interest.

"On the table before which she sate was a small and circular mirror of polished steel, round which were ranged the cosmetics, and the perfumes and the paints, the pearls and the combs, the ribbons and the gold pins which were destined to add to the attractions of beauty. Before the dressing-table, and under the feet of Julia, was spread a carpet woven from the looms of the East. Near at hand, on another table, a silver basin and ewer, an extinguished lamp, of exquisite workmanship in which the artist had represented a Cupid reposing under a myrtle tree, and a small roll of papyrus containing the softest Elegies of Tibullus. Before the door which communicated with the cubiculum hung a curtain richly broidered with gold flowers. The fair Julia leaned indolently back on her seat while the ornatrix slowly piled, one above the other, a mass of small curls, dextrously weaving the false with the true, and carrying the whole fabric to a height that seemed to place the head rather at the centre than the summit of the human form. Her tunic of deep amber swept in ample folds to her feet cased in purple slippers fastened round the ankle with thongs

embroidered with a profusion of pearls. An old slave stood beside the hair dresser, giving from time to time instructions."

"Put that pin more to the right, lower, stupid one. Do you not observe how even those beautiful eye-brows are, one would think that you were dressing Corinna, whose face is all on one side. Now put in those flowers, not that dull pink, you are not suiting colours to the dim cheek of Chloris, it must be the brightest flowers to suit the cheeks of Julia." "Gently," said the lady, stamping her small foot, "you pull my hair as if you were plucking up a weed." "Dull thing," continued the slave, "do you not see how delicate your mistress is. Now then the riband, that's right. Fair Julia, look in the mirror, saw you ever anything so lovely as yourself." "The next preparation was that of giving to the eyes the soft languish produced by a dark powder applied to the lids and brows. A small patch cut in the form of a crescent was skilfully placed on the rosy lips. Another slave arranged the pearls, the ear-rings of pearl, the massive bracelets of gold with chained rings, to which a talisman of crystal was attached, the buckle on the left shoulder set with an exquisite cameo of Psyche, the girdle or purple riband wrought with threads of gold and clasped with interlacing serpents, and lastly various rings fitted to every joint of the white and slender fingers."

I wish I had space to give at length the description of the villas, so differently arranged to our modern houses. The entrance passage leading to the hall, open to the sky, or covered with an awning, adorned with

columns, with *cubiculi* bed chambers for guests round the sides. In the centre of the tessellated pavement the impluvium or shallow reservoir fed by the rain water from the roofs around; the movable brazier for warmth; the iron-bound chest, supposed to contain the money of the host. Here the clients and inferior visitors were received. Beyond would be the tablinum, an apartment adorned with rich mosaics, and covered with elaborate paintings, containing the family records. On one side the triclinium or dining-room, on the other a cabinet for gems and treasures, beyond a square or oblong colonade called the peristyle, with perhaps another more private dining-room beyond, with bed-rooms on either side, and perhaps a picture saloon, or a small cabinet, dignified by the name of library with a few rows of papyrus, encircled with carefully trimmed gardens, with fountains and basins for fish, and the kitchen and servants' rooms at the end of the peristyle.

No doubt many buildings like these studded the ground around. Then there would be the public baths with a vaulted entrance chamber called the frigidarium, where the bathers congregated and undressed. The tepidarium, more richly decorated, an apartment beyond, where they lounged in the enjoyment of the artificial warmth of the air, for a season, and then passing on to the sudatorium or vapour bath, or the calidarium or water bath, according to fancy, but each one waited on and attended to by obsequious slaves, who scraped and dried their flesh, wrapt them in light robes, anointed them with oils and unguents, while soft music was played in an adjoining chamber, and conversation went freely on, or

some new poet recited, until it was time to lounge into the theatre, to take exercise in the tennis-courts, to partake of dinner amongst the trees, or, sometimes, to adjourn for supper. The bath to the ancient Roman was no mere washing of the flesh, it was the refreshment of the whole being, mind as well as body.

No doubt it is difficult, if not impossible, to idealize the dignity of the Roman soldier, and the martial glory of this “ever victorious army,” in their unshrinking courage, perfect discipline, and martial array, but Macaulay, in his “Lays of Ancient Rome,” may help us at least to a passing vision of what must have been as brilliant here as amidst the classic scenes which he so vividly describes.

And nearer fast and nearer  
 Doth the red whirlwind come;  
 And louder still and still more loud  
 From underneath that rolling cloud,  
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud  
 The trampling and the hum;  
 And plainly and more plainly  
 Now through the gloom appears,  
 Far to left and far to right,  
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
 The long array of helmets bright  
 The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,  
 Above that glimmering line,  
 Now might ye see the banners  
 Of twelve fair cities shine;  
 But the banner of proud Clusium  
 Was highest of them all,  
 The terror of the Umbrian,  
 The terror of the Gaul.

## Again

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpet's sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless three.

## Or again

Hard by the Lake Regillus  
 Our camp was pitched at night,  
 Eastward a mile, the Latines lay,  
 Under the Porcian height.  
 Far over hill and valley  
 Their mighty host was spread;  
 And with their thousand watch-fires  
 The midnight sky was red.

Up rose the golden morning  
 Over the Porcian height,  
 The proud Ides of Quintilis  
 Marked evermore with white.  
 Not without secret trouble  
 Our bravest saw the foes;  
 For girt by threescore thousand spears,  
 The thirty Standards rose.

## Again

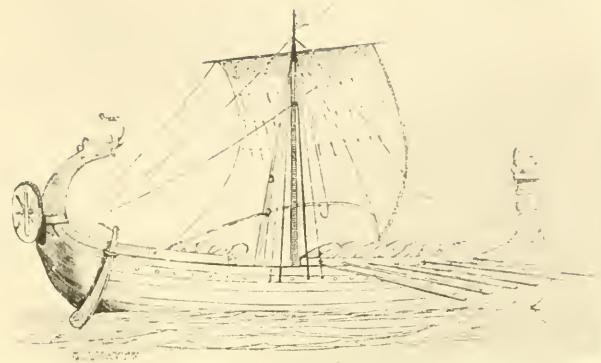
Thine, Roman, is the pilum,  
 Roman, the sword is thine,  
 The even trench, the bristling mound,  
 The legion's ordered line;  
 And thine the wheels of triumph,  
 Which, with their laurelled train  
 Move slowly up the shouting streets  
 To Jove's eternal fame.

The Mediterranean being a sea where the winds are proverbially light and uncertain, the method for the propulsion of ships in the earliest days was entirely by oars. As intercourse and commerce increased with Western Europe, masts and sails were employed, though oars were still retained as subordinate agencies, sails of those days being insufficient of themselves. Indeed Mahan in his Naval History records how Lord Nelson first brought himself into notoriety by the skilfulness with which by sails only he manœuvred in the Mediterranean waters. But in early days sails consisted simply of squares of linen or the fibre of papyrus displayed from one or two masts, with very simple and rude cordage, yet often brilliantly coloured and adorned with the emblems of the Emperor in gold. The ships of commerce seem to have been of considerable tonnage, indeed Pliny describes a ship which carried an obelisk and pedestal four hundred and ninety-six tons and about eight hundred tons of lentils to keep them from shaking.

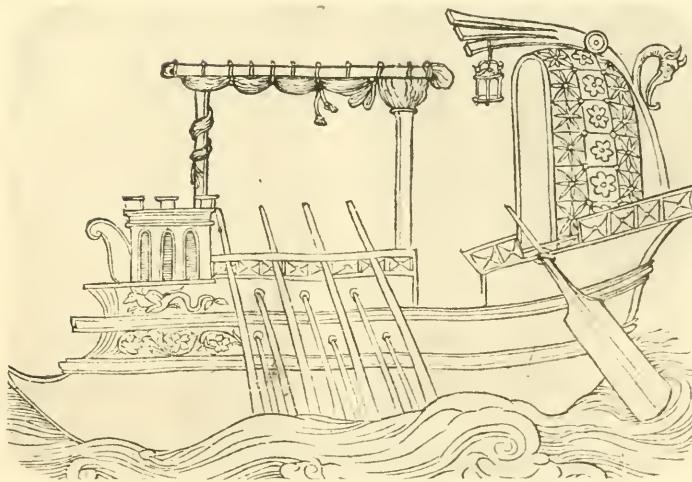
The war-ships for home duties seem to have been entirely propelled by oars, wielded by men who sat in banks above each other. The smallest vessels called triremes, *i.e.* three banks of rowers, having a crew of two hundred men, but rising in size until as Philopater tells us there were forty banks.

As an illustration of the size of ordinary vessels:

	Triremes.			Quinquiremes.	
Length	...	...	149	...	168
Beam	...	...	18	...	26
Draught	...	...	8	...	11
Tons	...	...	23 <sup>2</sup>	...	534
Rowers	...	...	174	...	310
Crew	...	(Total)	225	...	375



Roman Warships.

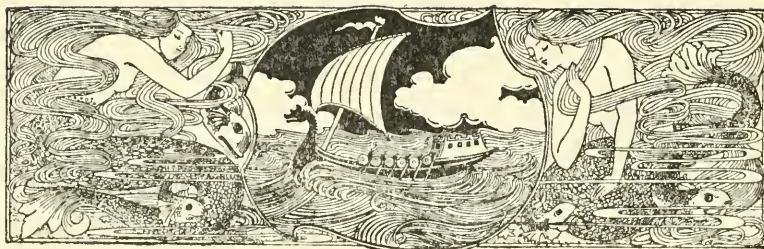


Danish Warships.



Their system of fighting was simply to grapple with the enemy's ship with a movable "landing stage," armed at its extremity with an iron hook like a bird's bill, called the corvus which attached at one end to a ring round a short mast in the vessel, and triced up into a vertical position could quickly be swung round in any direction, and lowered with a crash on the enemy's deck, when the armed soldiers below at once boarded and obtained the victory by hand to hand fighting. So they won the battle of Milazzo 260 B.C. under their Consul Druilius against the Carthaginians, capturing 80 out of the 120 galleys, and at the end of the Second Punic War, they were masters of the sea. Such being the case we can imagine how gay our river must have been in those days, and especially the pool at Castle Milns albeit it is bright now with many barges. These are rather clumsy illustrations but they are taken from an old Latin book, by Lazarus Bayfus, 1541, and profess to be representations from Roman sculptures of the ships of the period.





### CHAPTER III.

#### YORK UNDER THE SAXONS AND DANES.

**T**HE Saxon and Danish hordes, which succeeded the Romans probably did nothing more than occupy the dwellings which they found ready to hand, but the latter at any rate had wonderful ships of which I can only shew you one illustration from the Bayeux tapestry. In these the hardy Norsemen were able to rove over the seas of Europe, and conquer and plunder the lands about them, and by these they came to invade this our fatherland.

In the Eddas and Sagas these ships are often minutely described, so that we can form a fair idea of them. Du Chaillu in his book "The Viking Age" says they varied in length from seventy to three hundred feet, their crews from one hundred and twenty to seven hundred men, and were called by figurative and most poetical names:— "The deer of the surf," "The reindeer of breezes," "The sea Kings' sledge,"

“The raven of the wind,” “The lion of the waves,” “The hawk of the seagulls’ track,” “The snake of the sea,” &c. The general name for all was “skip,” and they were classified under the “dragon-skip,” the “war-skip,” the “long-skip.” The dragon was the finest and largest vessel, and was ornamented on the prow and stern with the head and tail of one or more dragons.

The most celebrated for its beautiful proportions was the “long serpent,” which served as a model for many generations. The “skeid,” or swift-sailer, was another kind of long ship, which held from twenty to thirty or more rowers’ benches. The “snekja,” was a smaller long ship. The “skuta” was a small vessel, containing probably fifteen seats. The “buza,” “dreki,” and “karfi,” were varieties of the same craft. Ironclad-vessels were not unknown, and at a famous battle between Hakon Jarl and the Jomsvikings, Eirik Jarl had a ship provided with a skegg (beard), which consisted of iron spikes. The merchant-vessels, sometimes very large, were called “knorr,” and were occasionally used as transport or war-vessels.

The ships had but one mast, provided with a “hun kastali” (knobcastle), or crow’s nest, at the masthead, large enough to hold several warriors, who could throw missiles at their enemies. They seem to have had a poop at the stern, called the lypting (under which was the sleeping room), and also a fore-castle and foreroom, *i.e.* cabin before the mast. The weapons were kept in the the “hasætis kista,” or high-seat chest. The ships were highest forward and aft, and peaked at both ends. The largest ships had decks, which, however,

are seldom mentioned. In calm weather they were propelled with oars which were fastened with a strap to the tholes, and which were manned by two or three or four men. One instance is given of the length thereof, viz.: twenty-six feet, but they were probably often much longer, and had figurative names: "The longarms," "The feet of the horse of the sea," "The wave-sweeper." And one accomplishment in which they delighted was to run on the oar-blades of the ship while it was being rowed. The famous King Olaf not only could do this, but played with three-hand saxes as skilfully as on land, and on reaching the stern, crossed over and came back along on the other side on the oars, and up into the ship, not even getting his shoes wet. Every ship had two or more "barkis" or boats. The rudder ("styri") was on the right side ("stjornbordi") starboard; the opposite side was called larboard ("bakbordi.") The helms-man, who was generally the commander, was placed below the rudderhead for protection. When on board, the men slept in leathern bags which they carried with them on shore and made into booths. The ships, indeed, were highly ornamented. The stems and sterns were adorned with large figures of dragons, bison's heads, king's heads, made of copper-plates nailed on iron skeletons, and covered with thin sheets of gold. The sails were generally made of "vadmal," or coarse woollen stuff.

They were striped of different colours, red, blue, and green; sometimes embroidered and beautifully lined with fur, sometimes also as white as the newly-fallen snow; but they were square, and could only be used with a fair

wind. They bore poetic names: "The cloak of the wind," "The tapestry of the masthead," "The sheet spun by women." One King had his sails covered with "pell" (a sort of velvet) on both sides, while the ship of Harald Hardradi is described as painted with red, purple, and gold, the weathervanes, as dragon's beaks, looked as if they were of gold. The valiant men on board were dressed in costly garments and pell. The dragon on the ship of King Canute was so large that it contained sixty cabins; the pennant fluttered from the mast-head, the standard-bearer stood by the prow, and the standard (from the representations in the Bayeux tapestry) seems to have been the figure of a raven of blue black, on a pale yellow ground.

The shields of the Danes, as they came in harbour, lined the sides of their ships like hammocks on a modern man-of-war, overlapping each other so that the outer edge of each touched the boss of the other. Splendid they must have looked, for they were of wood, surrounded on the rim by a ring of metal, sometimes of gold, braced and furnished with a boss and handle of iron or bronze, painted in different colours, richly ornamented, sometimes covered with gold, and set with stones, and even painted with subjects from Norse mythology. These again had each their names: "The sun of the battle," "The battle shelterer," "The hall-roof of Odin, &c. Their arms of offence were the sword, the axe, the spear, the bow and arrow, and the sling, with coats-of-mail and helmets. These were ornamented and inlaid with gold and silver, the sword-hilts of ivory, bronze, or wood, inlaid with precious metals, garnets, ivory, the scabbards

covered with skins, and adorned with gold and silver. The spears were eleven feet long, the sockets ornamented with gold and silver, and the shafts indented with graceful patterns. The axes formidable weapons, were similarly treated, and each had its own poetic name. Bows, arrows, slings, all seem to have been alike richly and tastefully adorned. And as the ship was the Norseman's pride in life, so was it his sepulchre in death. Sometimes the body was burned with the ship, sometimes the body was laid on board the craft which the dead man had commanded, drawn up on the shore, and a mound heaped up over it like that at Godstad, where the skeletons of twelve horses and several dogs, the favourites of their master, no doubt, have been found interred round it.

Sometimes they were put to a yet melodramatic use. When King Kaki had received, in a battle against the brothers Eirik and Jorund, such severe wounds that he saw his days would not be long, he had a skeid which he owned loaded with dead men and weapons, and launched on the sea, the rudder adjusted, the sea-sail hoisted, and tarred wood kindled, and a pyre made on the ship when the wind blew towards the sea. Then (almost dead) he was laid on the pyre, and the burning ship, with its cargo of dead and dying, sailed out on the dark blue water never to return.

Such then, being the formidable character of the Danes, we can well understand the feelings of the unhappy people of this land, when their foray and plunder raids, at the close of the eighth century, found a wider sphere than the waters of the north, and ere Ecgbert had brought all England under his sway, the



Crypt and Chapel, St. Leonard's Hospital.



Roman Multangular Tower.



Vikings (as the adventurers were called) were seen hovering off the English coast, and growing in numbers and hardihood as they crept southward to the Thames.

Henry of Huntingdon gives a plaintive description of this. It was wonderful how (when the English Kings were hastening to encounter them in the eastern districts), before they would fall in with the enemies bands a hurried messenger would arrive, and say, "Sir King, whither are you marching? The heathen have disembarked from a countless fleet on the southern coast, and are ravaging the towns and villages, carrying fire and slaughter into every quarter?" The same day another messenger would come running and say, "Sir King, whither are you retreating? A formidable army has landed in the west of England, and if you do not quickly turn your face towards them, they will think that you are fleeing, and follow in your rear with fire and sword." Again the same day or the morrow another messenger would arrive, saying, "What place, O noble chiefs, are you making for? The Danes have made a descent on the north."





## CHAPTER IV.

### FROM THE COMING OF THE SAXONS.

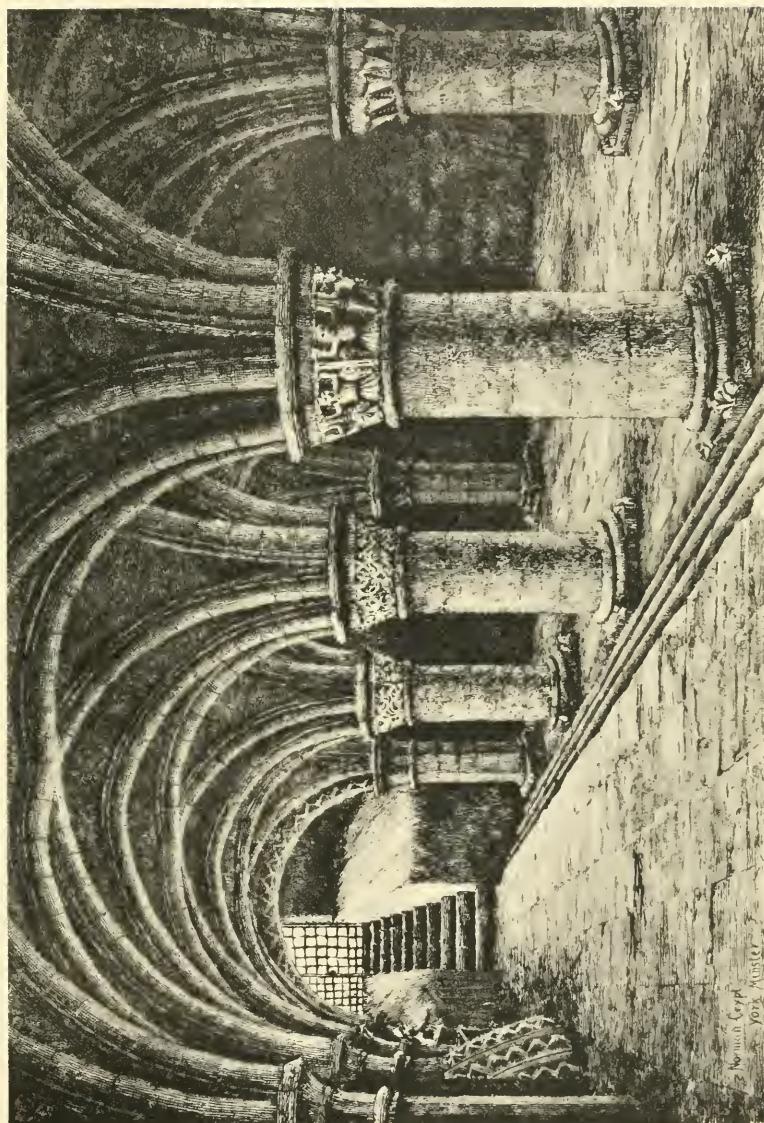
THE Saxons who succeeded, and established themselves in York for more than three hundred years, were not a cultured and military race like their predecessors, intent on conquest and supremacy, but a people eager to acquire increased possessions where they might settle down in the free and full exercise of pastoral and political life. They have left behind them no traces of buildings or structures, indeed almost the only relic of such work is the fragment of "herring bone" wall in the Minster Crypt, which is probably a specimen of the rude rubble work with which such edifices as they erected were composed. They probably at first settled themselves down in the many comfortable residences which they found ready to hand, but they commenced at once to secure themselves against the dangers to which on all sides they were exposed. The Romans had intersected the country in every direction with roads, and these formed easy means of access for Picts and Scots and

*Norman Crypt, York Minster.*

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*The Arches are of Norman work, supported by Columns of the same date; originally built 1181, but removed to its present position 1283, to support a platform behind the High Altar for the Shrine of St. William. The original bases of these columns and some massive piers may be observed in the old Crypt which was discovered and opened up after the fire in 1829.*





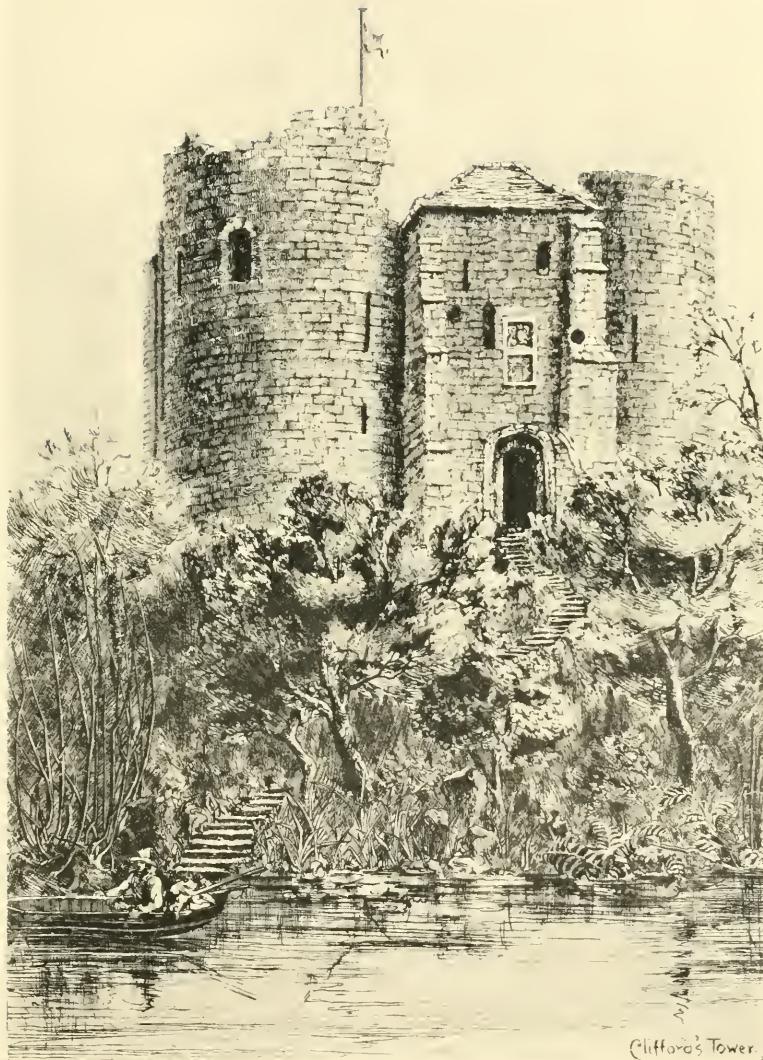


Danes, who would certainly attempt to have a share in the land which the Saxons had appropriated. The Britons were not altogether extinguished, and they would lose no opportunity to reassert themselves. The Saxons moreover, were by no means a united nation but divided amongst themselves, and therefore they needed both national and personal protection, and this they found not in stone walls but in moated mounds or "burghs," and the area enclosed within was eventually called by that name, or "borough," which still marks many places of Saxon foundation, in the County of York, as well as in other parts of the Kingdom; *e.g.* Hemingborough the royal burgh of King Heming, whose name is recorded on a rare coin of the period. Beningborough, the burgh of the Benings; Gainsborough, of the Gaings, while both in North and South Yorkshire the existence of places simply called Burgh, testifies to the existence of Saxon forts for the protection of the neighbourhood.

The stone walls of the Romans, however, built on the solid ground and not on mounds, a specimen of which we give in the Multangular Tower, when manned by Roman Legions were sufficient to overawe the world around, but they were now deserted, and would provide scanty protection for those who were now to occupy the villas and residences around, which the Roman families had enjoyed, and hence a wide circuit of burghs or mounds was raised around, crested, it has been conceived, with wooden palisades, and rude but strong gateways, supplied either by appropriating those which existed already, or by erecting new ones out of the material which was ready to hand. Neither Anglo-Saxons nor

Danes ever built castles, but the Baile Hill on one side of the river and its fellow on the other, indicate that special provision was made here to resist the approach of Danes or other marauders who might endeavour to attack them by water.

But the Conqueror adopted far more drastic measures. He punished the act of treachery and rebellion, which had murdered his Generals, with a sweeping and wholesale destruction of the inhabitants of the city, and then built upon the Eastern river-side mound a strong castle of stone, which, garrisoned by his warriors would warn the citizens of the treatment they would receive on any repetition of disloyalty. And his successors followed suit; the wooden palisades were by degrees displaced for stone battlemented walls, with some fifty towers at suitable distances, for the garrison to keep well in touch with each other, and gates, or as they are called, bars, were increased in size, and in the 14th Century barbicans were added, subtle expedients for pouring melted lead or boiling water on the heads of those who attempted to force the gates, while a massive portcullis, the "Altera Securitas," of John of Gaunt, rendered any entry, even should the stout door be beaten in, impracticable. It is impossible to assign any particular date for any one of these bars, but they were evidently all erected throughout the Plantagenet period, though variety in their details show that they were introduced or altered from time to time as being specially adapted to the passing requirements of the day. And there was no doubt a sufficient reason for all this, for, in place of the occasional incursions of distant and hostile tribes, the English had a brave, crafty, and strong



Clifford's Tower.

Clifford's Tower. By E. Piper, R.P.E.  
Built by the Conqueror.



antagonist, ever bent on acts of aggression, close at home.

The Scottish people were no longer an uncultured and uncivilized race, they were, in many respects, keeping pace with their neighbours in the South, and the spirit of rivalry provoked, from time to time, acts of aggression on either side. Each was ever watching for a convenient opportunity to gain the upper hand, and occasional alliances seemed rather to augment differences than to promote peace. The fact that by marriages the Kings had become kinsmen seemed only to accentuate the jealousy which lurked within their hearts. Again and again those who were related by blood seemed to become the more bitter antagonists, and to prove the truth of the old adage that family quarrels are the most implacable of all. Not until James VI, of Scotland, crossed the border to be crowned as James I of England, was there any hope of lasting fellowship, and even then for many generations lawless raids amongst the denizens on either side of the border produced scenes of rapine and bloodshed. Henry VIII, albeit, the King of Scotland was his sister's son, found it necessary to establish in York a "Council of the North," whose office it was to keep a watchful eye over the dwellers in the "debatable lands," and give timely warning of any threatened incursions so that they might be effectually guarded by armed forces from the South, and it existed in full vigour at the Abbot's House of St. Mary's Abbey now used as a blind school, until the days of Charles I.



## CHAPTER V.

### YORK IN NORMAN AND ANGEVIN DAYS.

VERY interesting are these stately bars, as we walk up the streets and see them spanning the way before us, and pass under their lofty archways, with the old gates ever open as it were to welcome us, and the iron teeth of the portcullis hanging over our heads; and very pleasant are these city walls for all who are disposed to ramble along them for some three miles, and enjoy the fresh Yorkshire air, and the varied views of the city, the river and the Minster beneath us. Again and again have mistaken economists endeavoured to accomplish their destruction, and replace them with additional streets to the already too populated city; but common-sense, good taste, and reverence for the historical associations of the past have hitherto frustrated their efforts, and we trust that they will continue to do so.

Or pleasant it is to idealize the glitter of steel morions and the flash of pikes and halberts, with



West Front, York Minster. Herbert Railton.



the sharp notes of the trumpets which told that men-at-arms were keeping watch and ward over the city; or still more to picture to oneself the exciting vista of the ancient street with its massive timber houses on each side, with bright faces peering through the lattices, and crowds in their holiday attire thronging the way beneath on either side, while up the roadway passes some stately procession in all the brilliancy of colour and quaintness of costume of those mediæval days.

We have been favoured with the presences of three Royal brides, and therefore, their receptions cannot but be interesting to all lovers of the history of York, especially as the marriages of two of them had been likely to solve the unsettled condition of the relationship between the two countries which had for many generations been the cause of much strife and dissension, affecting not only the nations generally but the Border counties which lay on this side or that of the Tweed. Force of arms had failed to settle it, and neither the one or the other had acquired the supremacy.

The first is that of the marriage of Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry III, to Alexander the third, King of Scotland. Matthew Paris, the Historian, Abbot of S. Alban's, has left us a graphic account of the ceremony, and of the gay crowds which must have flocked down the streets. The worthy Abbot was a great personal friend of the King's, and, therefore, probably present. From each kingdom, he says, came a multitude of clergy and laity in order to see this grand wedding, for the report of it had spread far and wide. Along with the King and

Queen of England came all the Peers of the Realm, whose names are too many to mention. With the King of Scotland came his mother, the Queen Dowager, who brought with her divers of the French nobility, as she was of the great family of Coucy; Otho Cardinal Legate, the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Spiritual Ecclesiastics; and all were lodged in one street. The ladies were arrayed in costly vests of silk called quintises, thus named to express their quaintness, consisting of upper or super-tunics, with no sleeves, or very short ones, bordered with vandyking or scolloping, and notched in various patterns, the skirts so long as to trail on the ground before and behind, which were daily changed for others still more costly and of a different pattern, so that Roman de la Rose compares them to peacocks, which he says, delight in feathers of various colours, and have long tails which train in the dust, but the ladies make their tails a thousand times longer than the peacocks and the pies. Their hair was gathered up under a golden network, over which was thrown the veil or cover-chef, while the unmarried females wore their hair flowing in ringlets on the shoulders, or braided in two tails and tied with ribbons or a knot of gems at the ends.

On Christmas Day, 1251, Henry conferred the honour of Knighthood on his son-in-law and twenty young noblemen of his retinue, and the next day, very early in the morning, before the crowds could assemble, the young couple were married in the Minster by Walter de Gray, Lord Archbishop of York, who entertained the whole company several times with great hospitality, no less than

sixty fat oxen being slaughtered for one of the feasts; and indeed he seems to have kept open house for all who required board and lodging. They were no doubt a very young couple, but the bridegroom was certainly not lacking in northern acuteness, for when the King suggested to him that he should do homage to him for his kingdom, he replied that he came to marry his daughter, and not to answer such a difficult question which he had not consulted his Peers and counsellors about; but he had a warm heart as well as a keen head, for finding that his friend, Lord Lovel, had been expelled from the Court for some short-coming, he, together with his bride, knelt at the King's feet, and would not be persuaded to rise until the King had promised his pardon. Aye, and he had a courageous spirit also. For when in the year 1263, Haco, King of Norway, at the head of a powerful fleet and army came to invade the Kingdom of Scotland, Alexander, on his part lost no time in assembling a great army and preparing for the defence of his country, in which he was zealously seconded by his nobles. On October 1st, Haco, having arrived on the western coasts, commenced hostilities by making himself master of the Isles of Bute and Arran in the mouth of the Firth of Clyde, and then appeared with his great navy off the village of Largs in Cunningham. The Scots were in arms to defend the shore, but Haco disembarked a great part of his troops, and obtained some advantage over them. On the next day, more Scottish troops having come up, the battle was renewed with great fury. Alexander, fighting in person at the head of his troops, was wounded in the face by an arrow, and his

steward killed ; but the Danes lost the nephew of their King, one of the most renowned champions in their host. While the battle was raging on shore a furious tempest arose which drove the ships of the Danes and Norwegians from their anchorage. Many were shipwrecked on the coast, and the crews were destroyed by the Scots when they attempted to get on the land. On this the Norwegian soldiers lost courage, and retired before the Scots, now hourly reinforced by their countrymen from all quarters. Haco with difficulty got the remainder of his scattered forces on board such ships as remained, retired to the Orkneys, and there died full of shame and sorrow for the inglorious conclusion of his great invasion. In consequence of this the King of the Isle of Man, hitherto tributary, submitted to Alexander, and Magnus, who succeeded to the throne of Norway, resigned to him the Islands of the Hebrides ; but Alexander's married life was short and clouded. His Queen, Margaret died after giving birth to two sons and one daughter who all died young, the latter, named Margaret, having married Eric, the successor of Magnus to the throne of Norway. Alexander himself did not long survive, for as he was riding in the dusk of the evening along the seashore of Fife he approached too near to the brink of the cliffs, and his horse starting or stumbling, he was thrown over the rocks, at a spot still called the King's crag, and killed.

An old Gaelic elegy translated by Sir Walter Scott, testifies to the estimation in which he was held by his people.

When Alexander our King was dead,  
Who Scotland led in love, and le,  
Away was wealth of ale and bread  
Of wine and wax, of game and glee,

Then pray to God since only He  
Can succour Scotland in her need  
That placed is in perplexity.

The heir to the throne was now Margaret, the only daughter of the King of Norway, who, styled the Maid of Norway, was invited to come over, and accept the Crown. Edward I ever on the alert for securing the supremacy in Scotland proposed that she should be married to his eldest son, but before this could be accomplished the young Queen sickened and died at Orkney, September, 1290, on her way to take possession. And thence ensued the long and sanguinary troubles consequent on the arbitrary policy of Edward I, and the rival claims of Bruce and Balliol, which might have been averted had the life of this girl been prolonged.

The second time, we have not only the bride and bridegroom, but the wedding itself, for here at the Minster, on January 24th, 1328, Edward III, King of England, and as he afterwards styled himself King of France, was married to Philippa, Princess of Hainault, by Archbishop Melton, and Hotham, Bishop of Ely, amidst a brilliant gathering of Royal and noble persons.

Harding and other chroniclers do not tell us much about the religious service of the day, but they describe the city as being wholly given up to feasting and hospitality with the usual consequences of prodigality and excess. The temperament of the heavy Dutch from Hainault, would be very different to the quick wit and temper of Yorkshire people, and hence between the large retinue of attendants on the Princess and the citizens, there arose sudden quarrels which marred the stately and festive proceedings,

and were with much difficulty suppressed. Froissart, however, while he does not dwell on the ceremonial details of the occasion, mere things of the past, and difficult to realize, sets before us, in several graphic incidents of the bride's after life, her real disposition and character, which may be common for all time, and examples for every generation.

There are few characters in English History so many-sided and so attractive and edifying in each as Philippa of Hainault, the type of a "Holy and godly Matron" in the best sense of the words.

Constant in her devotion to her husband, she was by his side even when in the forefront of danger and in the battlefield. Watchful over his interests, she hesitated not when living at York, and David II, King of Scotland, the husband of Joanna, sister of Edward III, taking advantage of his absence in France invaded England, to accompany Zouche, Archbishop of York, and the forces which he hastily collected to Newcastle, and from thence with words of encouragement sent them forth to fight the Battle of Neville's Cross near Durham, when the Scots were routed and their King captured by sturdy John Copeland, safely taken to the Tower of London and there immured by his angry brother-in-law for eleven years. And surely if the simple figure of Prince William of Halfield in the South Choir Aisle has any significance, and even in its sadly blemished condition it is full of meaning, it is a token of her maternal love for her children and especially for her beloved second son, who, probably at this very time, was languishing under grievous sickness here in York, and at the very threshold of his young life, was taken away from the evil to come.

Froissart has recorded in touching language how when her own life was closing, and the dews of death gathering on her brow, with what sweet faith and love she placidly linked her hand with that of her husband, and commanding all her worldly affairs to his keeping besought him that their mortal bodies might rest side by side in the glorious precincts of the Abbey, and then, making the sign of the Cross, with earnest prayer gave up her spirit to Him who has said “Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.”

Surely amongst the many whose lives and names are associated with the Minster, there is none to be more commemorated, as showing the value of the example and influence of a good wife and mother, for as Miss Strickland has truly said “The close observer of history will not fail to notice that with the life of Queen Philippa the happiness, the good fortune, and even the respectability of Edward III and his family departed, and scenes of strife, sorrow and folly distracted the Court where she had once promoted virtue, justice and well regulated munificence.”





## CHAPTER VI.

### YORK UNDER THE TUDORS.

ONE hundred and seventy-five years elapsed, and another opportunity seemed to present itself. James IV had ascended the Scotch throne, and his young wife, the object of his deepest affection, had been brutally murdered. He was eligible, therefore, for another alliance, and perhaps disposed to contract it rather for national interests than from personal affection. Henry VII's daughter, Margaret, seemed eminently calculated for such a position, and after some careful consideration between the ruling powers of both nationalities, she was affianced to the young and widowed King. At High Mass, on St. Paul's Day, in the chapel at the palace of Richmond, in the presence of the King, the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Glasgow, Patrick, Earl of Bothwell, as proxy for King James, said: "I do now contract matrimony with thee, Margaret, and take thee unto and for the wife and spouse of my said sovereign Lord, James, King of Scotland." To which she replied in similar terms, and at the conclusion of the service her mother, Elizabeth



Margaret Tudor. From the National Gallery.



of York, led her to the banquet and placed her at table as if she had been a queen visiting her. So from that moment we are bound to speak of her as Queen Margaret. The satisfaction with which this was hailed by the English people was evidenced by her stately progress from London to be finally united to her spouse in Edinburgh.

Grantham, Newark, Tuxford, Pontefract, received and entertained her with stately processions and enthusiastic greetings on her progress towards the northern border.

Lord Scrope, of Bolton, met her, riding in great state, with his lady “right richly be seen,” at Tadcaster, and conducted her on towards York. The inhabitants of the ancient city were on the tiptoe of expectation, and fully prepared to give her a most cordial welcome. The old chronicles quoted by Drake will best describe what took place:—

“On Saturday, the 14th July, in the year of our Lord 1503, Sir John Gylliol, Merchant, Knight of the Bath, being the Lord Mayor of the City of York, and John Ellis and Thomas Braikes, Sheriffs, Margaret, the King’s eldest daughter, and wife of James IV, King of Scotland, came to York, accompanied with many Lords, Ladies, Knyghtes, and Esquyers, and gentlemen, to the number of five hundred persons being met by the Sheriffs in crymsin gownes, attended by one hundred persons on horseback in one clothing, at the midst of Tadcaster Bridge, who with humble salutations, welcomed Her Majesty into the libertys of the said City, and so bare their white wands before her until she came to Micklegate bar. And ther the Lord Mayor, cloathed in fine

crymsin sattin engrayned, having a collar of gold of His Majesty's livery about his neck, being on horseback his saddle of fine crymsin velvet, and the trappis of the same, with gilt bullion, his footmen apparelled in green sattin, with the armes of the city and his own armes, accompanied with the Recorder and Aldermen in scarlet, together on horseback, their saddles being covered with fine cloth, bordered with black velvet, and their trappis of the same with gilt bullion, the twenty-four in their red gownes on foot, with the tradesmen and commoners honestly cloathed, standing on the north side of the bar, made low obeysance unto Her Grace, who with all her company was most richly and nobly apparelled, and so came near unto her chayr upon the palfrey, covered with cloth of gold, who causing the palfrey to stand still, the Lord Mayor said, ‘Most noble and excellent Princess, I and my Brethren, with all the Commonality of this City, in our most heartfelt wise welcometh your noble grace, with all these the other nobles that attend upon you.’ At which words she inclined herself towards the Lord Mayor and thanked him, his brethren, and all the rest of the City. And then it was ordered by the Lord Treasurer that the Lord Mayor should ride next before her chayr behind two sargeants-at-armes, to bear the Mace to her lodgings.” Their route through Micklegate Bar would be down Micklegate, then between the houses which clustered on the second, and probably stone, bridge which has spanned the river, and thence by Coney Street or Koenig, *i.e.* King Street, the route of the Saxon and Danish Kings to their fortified residence the Earlsburgh adjacent to the Church dedicated to the Danish King



Micklegate Bar. By E. Piper, R.P.E.



Saint Olave. Up stonigate, along Petergate, would be their way, through Bootham Bar towards the great Abbey of St. Mary's, which, of all the many Religious Houses then existing in York, in one or other of which Kings had condescended to be entertained, alone was considered worthy to receive so great a visitor. But these good Brethren, conscious of the honour conferred upon them, had deemed it highly derogatory to their Royal Guest that she should enter by the usual Portal in Marygate. No doubt a postern, or small private door, had been made through the wall in Bootham two years before on the excuse that it would be a convenience to the King on his way to Scotland. But Henry VII was never at York after 1489, and such a graceful and beautiful arch, so worthy of this special occasion, seems only appropriate in the place of a mere doorway for the probable and occasional access even of a King. They had therefore constructed a new gateway through which the bride should enter. And so passing through the barbican, the procession would turn sharply to the left, and, received no doubt, with all honour by the Brethren, the bride would be conducted to the apartments prepared for her.

“On the morrow (the Chronicler proceeds), about nine o'clock in the forenoon, the Lord Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and twenty-four and Chamberlaynes went into the Bishop's Palace, and there presented her with a goodly standing silver piece with a cover, well overgilt, and an hundred angells of gold in the same, amounting to the sum of eighty-three pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, for which she heartily thanked him, his brethren,

and all the body of the City, and so went forwards toward the Minster, the Lord Archbishop and other Bishops and Nobles going before her in order, the Lord Mayor bearing the Mace betwixt two Sergeants-at-Armes went before her. And after Mass was done returned back to the Palace to dinner, the Lord Mayor bearing the Mace as aforesaid untill she came to her chamber, and there took his leave till Monday morning."

"On Monday morning, about twelve of the clock, her Grace took her chayre to go on her voyage that night to Newburgh, and then evry science stood in order from the Minster Gate to the Bootham Bar, the Lord Mayor and his brethren riding in like order as they did at the coming, the Sheriffs bearing their rods rode forth at the said bar before her until they came at Mawdlyn Chapel, and there the Lord Mayor, making a long oration took his leave, whereupon she heartily thanked his Lordship and the rest, and said, 'My Lord Mayor, your brethren, and all the whole City of York, I shall evermore endeavour to love you and this City all the dayes of my life,'" and so departed on her journey. The streets and windows were so full of people that it was a marvel to see them. At Newburgh, Hexham, Durham, and Newcastle the same joyous and loyal proceedings were continued, and after resting for two days at Berwick, the Northern Gate was flung open and the bridal procession defiled from its grim portals into the Northern Kingdom. From whence, similarly accompanied by a brilliant array of Scottish Nobility and Ecclesiastics to Fastcastle, Haddington, and Dalkeith Castle, where received by the Earl of Morton, Castillan, and his wife, she was conducted to her suite of



Bootham Bar. By Herbert Railton.



apartments. And soon the cry was raised, "The King, the King of Scotland has arrived," and simply draped in velvet jacket with his hawking lure slung over his shoulder James IV greeted his affianced bride. His hair and beard curling naturally, his complexion glowing with manly exercise, he was the handsomest Sovereign in Europe. At Edinburgh she was received by her young husband, whom Scott, in "Marmion," Canto V, 9, thus describes:—

The Monarch's form was middle size;  
Forfeat of strength, or exercise,  
Shaped in proportion fair;  
And hazel was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short curled beard and hair.  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
And O! he had that merry glance,  
That seldom lady's heart resists.  
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament and sue;—  
Suit lightly won, and short lived pain!  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

He seems, moreover, to have been a man of very independent character, anxious to acquaint himself personally with the condition and requirements of all classes of his subjects, and active in the discharge of all his royal duties, so that he was reverenced and beloved by all, and under his administration Scotland obtained a greater share of prosperity than she had yet enjoyed. And Edinburgh, Mrs. Oliphant tells us, had raised itself and put on decorations like a bride to receive the little maiden, so strangely young to be the centre of all these rejoicings; the lofty houses covered with flutterings of tapestries and banners and every kind of

gay decoration, and her windows filled with bright faces, coifs and veils, and embroideries of gold that glowed in the sun. The dress worn by James, as he carried his young bride into Edinburgh, seated on horseback beside him, is fully described for the benefit of after ages. He wore a jacket of cloth of gold, bordered with purple velvet, over a doublet of purple satin, showing at the neck the collar of a shirt embroidered with pearls and gold, with scarlet hose to complete his resplendent costume.

The next day there was solemn entry into Edinburgh, when the King, most royally clad in jacket of cloth of gold, and fine waistcoat of violet satin, and hose of scarlet, rode before the Queen's litter to the Church of the Holy Cross (Holy rood) where the marriage was duly completed by the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Archbishop of York, with many Ecclesiastics, and in the presence of a vast concourse of the nobility and people of Scotland.

But this bright dawn of an otherwise chequered life was soon shadowed ; their eldest son (afterwards James V) had scarce been born when clouds began to gather. James was bound by the treaty of permanent peace which he had made at his marriage, and no doubt by the strong inclination of his wife to England, but he was also drawn to France by a traditional band of a much stronger kind, the memory of long friendship and the persistent policy of his kingdom and race. Henry VII had died, and the young King, Henry VIII had quarrelled with Louis XII, King of France, and besieged the town of Tourenne. The friendly alliance of Scotland was essential to both. To the former that, free from any apprehension of attack from the north,

he might withdraw his forces to augment his army in France. To the latter, that by the King of Scotland being his ally, he might compel the English forces to remain on the Border. Naturally the King of Scotland would be disposed to support his brother-in-law. But a family discord had arisen. His brother-in-law Henry was harsh, overbearing, and irresponsible. Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII, had bequeathed all his jewels and treasure to his sister Margaret. And Henry VIII thinking to secure her favour, had declined to give them up unless the King of Scotland would promise to keep the treaty of peace. The poor young Queen was much distressed at this, and Dr. West and Lord Dacre came to Edinburgh at Henry's command to settle this question. . . . I suppose, by his direction, they added this further threat, that, failing this, the King of England would not only keep the legacy, but take the best towns in Scotland. A further grievance was that Admiral Sir Edward Howard had captured a marauding Scottish vessel and slain the captain, Andrew Barton, a great favourite of the King. During the whole winter a controversy was carried on. The King of France was anxious, if possible, to induce the Scotch by an invasion of England, to prevent the additional English forces being withdrawn from the border to Henry's assistance. His Queen, Anne of Brittany, a young beautiful princess, who flattered James's taste for romantic gallantry by calling herself his mistress and lady love, in order to hinder the movements of the English Army

"Sent him a turquois ring and glove,  
And charged him as her Knight and love,  
For her to break a lance;  
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
And bid the banners of his band  
In English breezes dance."

The inducement was irresistible to such a chivalrous and susceptible mind so chafed by the conduct of his brother-in-law. In spite of all warnings to the contrary he assembled his army and marched them over the Border to Ford Castle overlooking the plain of Flodden. Here, however, he came under the influence of Lady Heron, whose husband he had lately incarcerated on the suspicion of being implicated with his two natural brothers in the murder of Sir Robert Kerr, Warden of the Scottish Marches. Her pressing inducements on behalf of her relatives caused him to wile away precious time during which the English army under Lord Howard advanced and occupied the ground between him and Scotland. A haughty challenge from them forced on the battle and after a brave struggle the Scottish soldiers, terrified by the flight of arrows which the English archers showered upon them, turned and fled.

Sir Walter Scott in his immortal poem of "Marmion," has elaborately described all the details of that inauspicious day, and thus glowingly portrays the Monarch's death:—

The English shafts in volleys hailed,  
In headlong charge their horse assailed,  
Front, Flank, and Rear, the squadrons sweep,  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around the King.  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring ;  
The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight;  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well;

\* \* \* \* \*

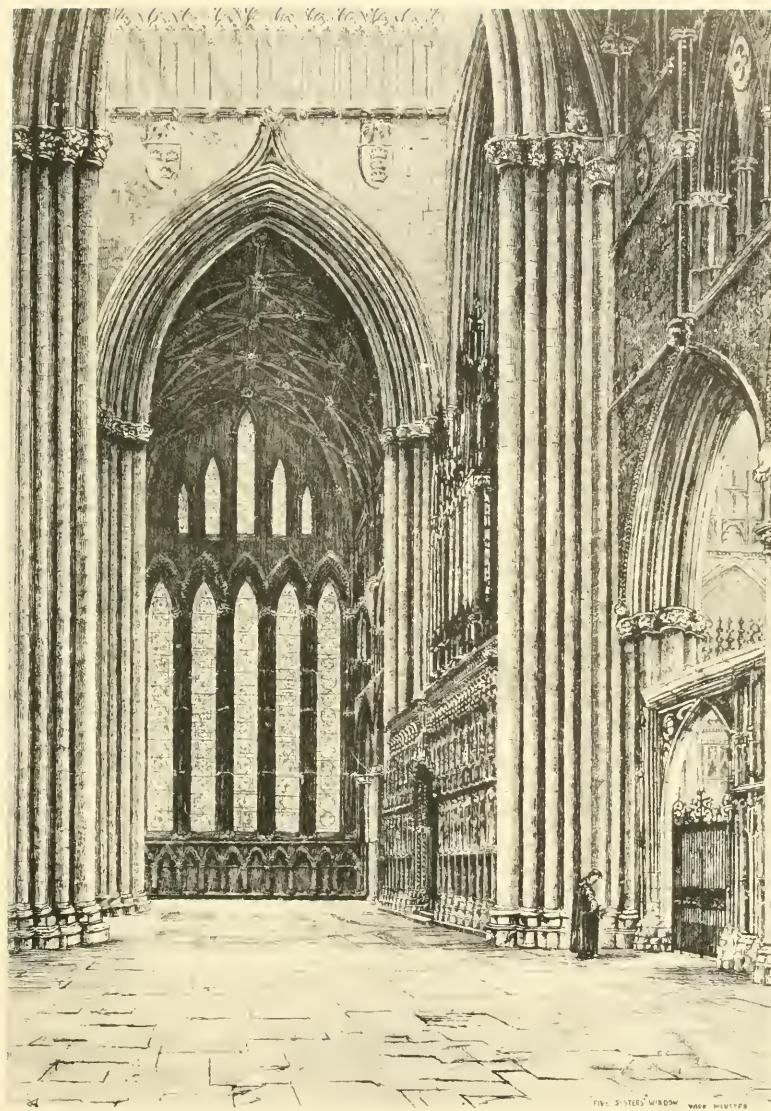
*The Five Sisters' Window.*

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*One of the most beautiful Early English Stained Glass Windows in the World, consisting of five lights each 53 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 1 in., erected by Archbishop Walter de Grey. There is a tradition that the design of the glass was taken from the needlework of Five Sisters.*

*Another solution is that as the blossoms, leaves and stalk of the little plant, Avens or Reum, "the planta benedicta" the cure for all human ills, form the basis of the design, it was intended as a Symbol that the Saviour, meek and lowly as the humble forest flower, is the one and only source of health and peace.*







Day dawns upon the mountain side :—  
There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,  
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one ;  
The sad survivors all are gone.  
View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
Defaced and mangled though it be ;  
Nor to yon border castle high,  
Look northward with upbraiding eye ;  
Nor cherish hope in vain,  
That, journeying far on foreign strand,  
The Royal Pilgrim to his land  
May yet return again.  
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought,  
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,  
And fell on Flodden plain :  
And well in death his trusty brand,  
Firm clenched within his manly hand,  
Beseem'd the monarch slain.

His body was found on the field by Lord Dacre, and carried by him to Surrey, at Berwick. Both of them knew James too well to be mistaken, and it was also acknowledged by Sir William Scott and Sir James Forman, his favourite attendants, with tears. But as there was an attempt on the part of the Scots to dispute the King's death, and assert that he had escaped in the twilight, it became necessary to establish the fact by such an object lesson as could be appreciated, and would teach this proud nation and these reckless borderers that the English arm was not to be trifled with, but efficient to maintain its supremacy. The body, therefore, was not buried with the slain, but placed in a covered cart and carefully guarded, was carried to York, received at Bootham Bar by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and Corporation at the gateway of the barbican at Bootham, close to the Archway, which had been so lately made to honour his now bereaved bride, and taken to the Prebendal House of Stillington, adjacent to the Minster, now part

of the Deanery. There it remained exposed for several days, and was visited no doubt by many who had seen the triumphant entry of his young Queen not long before. Eventually it was taken to Sheen to await its burial until the King's return.

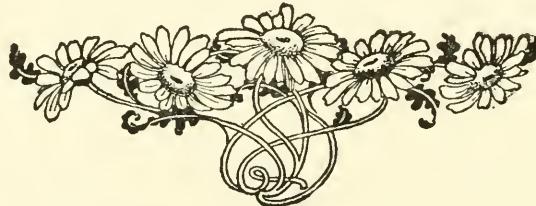
But Henry would be still in France, where his attitude towards the French King was suddenly changed by the death of Queen Anne, and Henry, thinking that a matrimonial alliance would more effectually secure the peace which he was now desirous of obtaining, suggested to the Royal widower that he should marry his sister Mary, and the wedding speedily took place. But almost before the honeymoon was ended the King died, and was succeeded by his son Francis I, with whom the King of England at once contracted an alliance, and celebrated it by the brilliant and protracted ceremonial of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." He was further engaged in a reconciliation with the Emperor Charles V at Gravelines, and on his return to England was involved in the condition of Scotland, still unsettled, and the commencement of the Reformation. These circumstances may account for the apparent strange indifference with which the body of the unfortunate King of Scotland, his brother-in-law, was treated, and which is thus graphically described by the old chronicler Stowe in his "Survey of London." "There, in the Parish Church of St. Michael, Wood Street, is, (but without any outward monument) the head of James the fourth, King of Scots of that name, slain at Flodden Field, and buried here, by this occasion. After the Battell, the body of the said King being found, was closed

in lead, and conveyed from thence to London, and so to the Monastery of Sheyne, in Surrey, where it remained for a time, in what order I am not certain. But since the dissolution of that house in the reigne of Edward the sixth, Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I have been shewed the same body, so lapped in lead close to the head and body, throwne into a waste roome amongst the old timber, leads, and other rubbish. Since which time, workmen there (for their foolish pleasure) hewed off his head; and Launcelot Young, Master Glasier to Queene Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the forme remaining, with the hair of the head and the beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood Street, where (for a time), he kept it for the sweetnesse, but in the end caused the sexton of that Church to burie it amongst other bones taken out of their Charnell, &c." *Sic transit gloria Mundi.*

And a few words as to the after life of that young bride, whom we have idealized as riding with a brilliant cavalcade through the streets of York. Her husband's affection and confidence in her are best certified by the fact that by his will he appointed her sole guardian of their orphaned son, in disregard of every precedent in such cases, which soon immersed her in all the conflicting difficulties incident to such a position. Before the first year of her widowhood had run its course she married Archibald, Earl of Angus, who proved a faithless and unworthy husband, and obtaining a divorce from him, she contracted a secret marriage with

Harry Stuart, Lord of Methuen, with whom she lived for ten years, and then in her forty-ninth year, having applied for a divorce from him, she dispensed with legal formalities, and allied herself to a certain John Stuart, who, according to some, is identical with the adventurous Earl of Arran, so notorious in the reign of James VI. She was not, I think, a frivolous sensual woman, but one, perhaps of a somewhat similar temperament to her brother Henry VIII, who, distracted by the conflicting difficulties amidst which she was placed, and alone amongst a strange people, in her bewilderment, adopted any expedient which seemed to promise her the relief and support she craved. After a few more miserable years, making what reparation she could, with penitent words on her lips, Margaret Tudor passed away.

“But O, how changed since yon blithe night,  
Gladly I turn me from the sight  
Unto my tale again.”



*Well and Lavatory, Zouche Chapel.*

*Built by Archbishop Zouche in 1350 and dedicated to  
S.S. Martha and Mary.*









## CHAPTER VII.

### YORK UNDER THE EARLY STUARTS.

**A**ND very comely must these said streets have appeared on other occasions:—When Edward III and a vast army which had waited here for some three weeks for the final decision of the Scotch King, began their march from York, all gallantly armed, with trumpets sounding, and banners waving in the wind. Or when the stately procession of the Guild of Corpus Christi proceeded from the Priory of the Holy Trinity, in Michaelgate, to the Minster, and the Master of the Guild walked, invested with a silken cope, attended by the six keepers of the Guild with silk stoles about their necks and white wands in their hands, and the costly shrine of silver and gilt, decorated with jewels and enclosing a vase of beryl, was borne by the Chaplains of the Guild; and the Lord Mayor and Corporation, in their robes of ceremony, bearing lighted torches, accompanied by the officers and members of the numerous crafts and trade companies in

prescribed order of precedence, with banners and torches, passed along; the fronts of the houses gaily decorated with tapestry and other stuff; for (saith the Corp. Memo., 13 May, 13th Henry VIII):—"Every householder that dwelleth in the hye way ther as the procession procedith, shall hang before their doores and forefrontes beddes and coverynges of beddes of the best they can gytt, and strew before their doores resshes and other suche flowers and strewing as they thynke honeste and clenly for the honour of Godd and worship of the citie." Or when the Municipality went to meet Richard III, on his entrance into York, and it was at the Council "agreid that my lord the Mair and all my maistrs hys bredyr the Aldermen in skarlet, and all my maisters of the XXIIIjti, and the Chamberlaynes and all that have been Chamberlaynes, and also all that have boght out their charges of all offices in thys citie, shall in reid gownes on horseback meit our most dred lege lord the Kyng at Breckles Mylyns, and that the brygmasters and all odir onest men of the citie by be in reid, upon the pay of XX, so, to be forfeit and pay to the comualte of thys cite by every man doying the contrary." On which occasion John Kendall, His Majesty's Secretary (one of the faithful few who fell shortly after at the battle of Bosworth), would "somewhat advertise them of his mynd in that behalve, as in hangyng the streit through which the King's grace shall come, with clothes of arras, tapistre work, for there are comen many sothern lordes and men of worship with them, which will make gretly for reassyving their Graces."

The circumference of the walls was then no longer confined to the rectangular space on one side of the

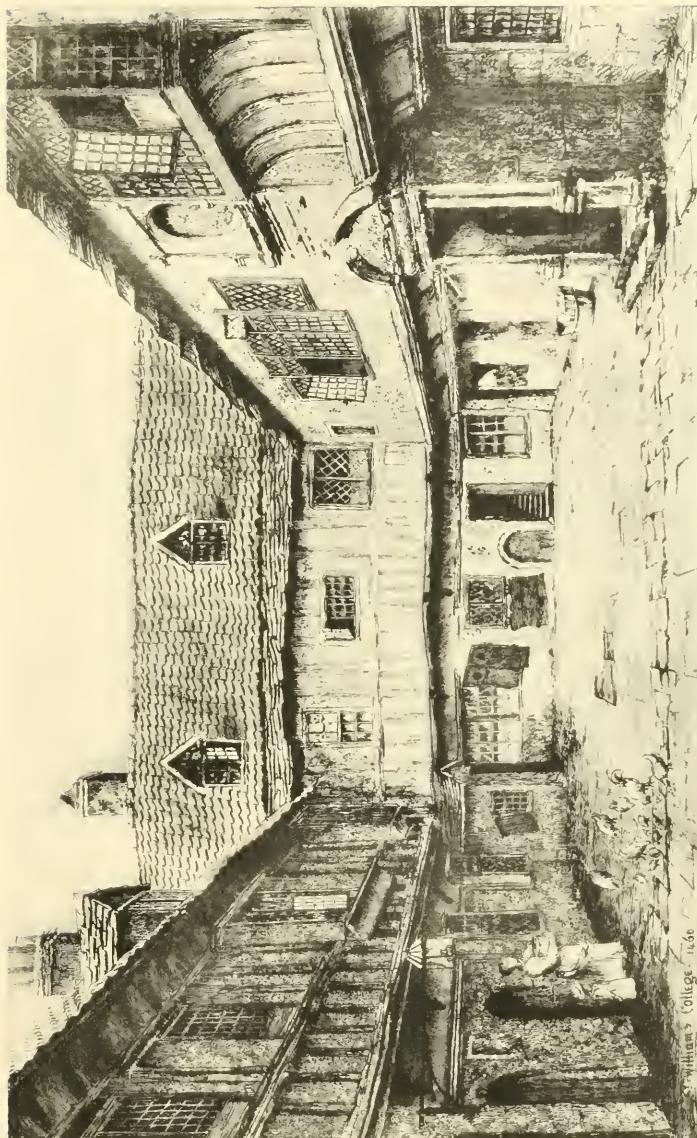
river of seventy acres of Roman days, but extended on both sides as we see them now, strengthened (according to Leland; temp. Henry VIII, and as illustrated by Speed), by two Castles and forty-seven Towers, protecting the different streets or gates, which radiated from a common centre to the four bars or entrances; while the swampy ground in many places provided sufficient defence against the intrusion of any unwelcome invaders. This was a far larger space than that occupied by the Romans, but required for the safe accommodation of large bodies of armed men who mustered here from time to time *en route* to invade Scotland, or to resist reprisals from the vigorous members of that nationality. If one may judge of the whole from the remnant which is left, what a beautiful city of ecclesiastical buildings, churches, palaces, guild-houses, monasteries, must have been grouped together. While around, the forest glades extended in every direction, rich meadows forming the immediate environment to the city walls. One would fain have seen such a jewel in such a setting! One almost wonders how any progress of civilisation, march of intellect, or spread of commerce, could ever have tampered with what must have challenged the admiration and reverence of all who beheld it. But in time, religious reaction and utilitarian policy defaced and effaced much that was worthy to be perpetuated. Ecclesiastical and corporate life became things of the past, and gave place to social and family life. One by one the stately buildings, no longer needed for the purpose for which they were erected, fell into disuse and decay; gradually their places were taken by streets of houses for business, or

store-rooms for merchandise, and for roomy, commodious family houses, where the prosperous merchant could dwell with his family around him, or whither the local magnate or landed proprietor could come from the country, when the days became short and the nights dark, for the fellowship and society which he and his belongings could find in the busy capital of the north. Many goodly specimens of this period of English architecture still survive; many, alas! too many, have passed away.

The early part of the Stuart dynasty was one rather of destruction than construction, for the Civil War defaced or exterminated many of the fair buildings of previous generations.

At the dissolution of religious houses, the college of St. William had been sold or granted to Michael Stanhope, who seems to have been a "a doctor of physicke," the younger son of Sir Edward Stanhope, of Grimston, near Church Fenton, one of the "Council of the North," established at York by Henry VIII, knighted July 23rd, 1603; younger brother of Sir Edward Stanhope, knighted July 25th, in the same year, at the coronation of James I; and of Dr. George Stanhope, Precentor of the Minster, Vicar of Burton Agnes, Rector of Wheldrake and Bolton Percy. It seems to have passed, either by purchase or marriage, to Sir Henry Jenkins, of Grimston, near York, also knighted July 23rd, 1603, the son of John Jenkins, buried in the Minster, 1596, with this quaint epitaph:—

"Terrea terrenis mundo munda relinquo,  
Reddo animam Domino, reddoque corpus humo;  
Spiritus D Jesu meus . . . . . suscipiatur  
Spes mea tu, Jesu, gratia, non opera."



St. William's College. By E. Piper, R.P.E.



He held the office of Receiver-general of the county, and was High Sheriff. Sir Henry probably added the Jacobean features, which give such picturesque variety to the quaint little quadrangle, the great staircase, and other details necessary to adapt it to family use.

Here, in 1642, King Charles I ordered his printers to set up their presses. Sir Henry's son, Toby, married Anthonya, daughter of Henry Wickham (son of William Wickham, Bishop of Winchester), Canon of York Minster, and Archdeacon of York, whose eldest son was Dean 1677-97. Colonel Toby, or Tobias, of Grimston, left his wife a "third part of my house in Parsonage Lane, now called College Street, in the city of York, now in my occupation." He was candidate for the Membership of this City, 1685, and died 1696. His only son, Tobias Jenkins, was Lord Mayor of York, 1701 and 1720; and was five times elected Member for the City, *viz.*—William III 1697-1699; Anne 1701; George I 1714. He married Lady Mary Paulet, daughter of Charles, Duke of Bolton, and had two daughters—Elizabeth, who died unmarried, and Mary, who married Sir Henry Goodrich, Bart. of Ribston. His sister Dorothy, married Robert Benson of Wrenthorpe. Their son Robert was created, July 21st, 1713, Baron Bingley, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Heneage Finch, Earl of Aylesford. Their daughter Harriet, married Mr. George Lane Fox.

The Guild-house of St. Anthony has had a varied fortune. At the suppression of the Guild, it had passed into the hands of the Corporation; who, in 1567, had made it a workhouse, for avoiding the loitering and idleness of vagabonds and poor folk, able either in limb

or body to do any work, “under the charge of an overseer, whose duties were to oversee the dressing of the wool, deliver it to the spinners, peruse their work, receive it again, and deliver it to the weavers, and diligently peruse it; after that cause it to be walked, and see it tentered and well used from point to point.” It was also made a house of correction for rogues and vagabonds, as well as a refuge for aged and impotent persons. After the battle of Marston Moor the great hall was converted into a hospital for the maimed and sick soldiers. Eventually it “served,” says Drake, “as a commodious play-house”; and in 1705, on the initiation of the Archbishop, Dean, Canons Residentiary, and other Dignitaries, together with the Lord Mayor and Corporation, it was adapted to its present purpose, *viz.*—a Charity School, where, “forty boys, apparelled in blue coats, faced with yellow sad-coloured waistcoats, and breeches, grey stockings, bands, and round bonnets” were housed and educated.

The fate of the Archiepiscopal Palace had been more fortunate, for it had been leased by the Archbishop to a wealthy citizen of London, and a “farmer of the Customs,” one Arthur Ingram, whose dwelling-house was in “Fenchurch Streete.” He had acquired several great estates in Yorkshire, *viz.*—Temple Newsam, from Esme Stuart, which he re-built, Kirkgate, Altofts, Warmfield, and Halifax. He was a great favourite of James I, who appointed him one of the secretaries for the “Council of the North,” for which reason, doubtless, he also acquired this as a convenient residence, for the Lord President resided, and the Council Meetings were held, at “the Manor” close by. He was also largely interested

in the working of the alum beds in the county.

The King made him “coferer of the kinges household,” and he seems to have furnished his lodging at court with rich hangings, bedding, and silver vessels; but he was so obnoxious to the Queen, Prince of Wales, and the household, that he was treated with contumely, his diet was refused him by the officers, so that he soon confessed that “there was no abiding,” and was fain to abandon his post and retreat to Yorkshire, where he was High Sheriff, 1619, and M.P. for York 21st of James I, 1st and 3rd of Charles I.

He seems, however, to have established himself here very sumptuously, for, in “Traveller’s Notes” (Lansdowne MS.), “a captain, with a lieutenant, and an ancient, all voluntary members of the noble military company of the city of Norwich,” relates how “after our morning sacrifice therein (York Minster), we tired our legs with an ascent of two hundred and seventy stairs march, to the top of the Minster, which we accounted no task at all, His Majesty having lately taken the same. Amongst other brave houses and buildings in that spacious city, we beheld, as it were under us, adjoining to the Minster, as it were a second paradise, wherein liveth a generous, free, and grave old knight (Sir Arthur Ingram) and of great revenue. We speedily descended to go thither, and had free passage to our own heart’s desire.”

“The first moiety of an hour we spent in his rare gardens, and curious long walks, which were adorned with many kinds of beasts to the life, with most lovely statues in several shapes and forms. A pleasant fair tennis court, a delightful large bowling ground, newly

made, curiously contrived fish-ponds, all which made up another sweet little city. A place it is so pleasant to all the senses, as nature and art can make it."

"The other half-hour we spent in his rich mansion, where we found so much contentive variety within as before without; his store of massy plate, rich hangings, lively pictures and statues, rich £150 pearl glasses, fair, stately £500 organ, and other rich furniture in every room, prince-like. Here we desired heartily (having such free liberty as was given us) to have spent another hour, but that time would not allow us."

Here, too, Sir Arthur assisted King Charles at a critical time (May, 1642) when loyal hospitality would be doubly precious, for Drake tells us:—"Two hundred young gentlemen of this county voluntarily lifted themselves into a troop, under the command of the Prince of Wales, whose Lieutenant-Colonel was Sir Francis Wortley. His Majesty had also a regiment of seven hundred foot, of the trained-bands commanded by Sir Robert Strickland. This small armament the King constantly caused to be paid every Saturday at his own charge, when he had little more than would defray the expense of his own table, which was kept with all the parsimony imaginable; the Prince and Duke not having tables apart, as was usual, but eating at His Majesty's. The Court was kept at this time at old Sir Arthur Ingram's house in the Minster Yard, and not in the Manor."

Quite the "fine old English gentleman" Sir Arthur must have been; and like the hero of the song, "While he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the poor," for he had built a hospital in Bootham, for the maintenance of



Chapter House and St. William's College. By Herbert Railton.



“ten poor widows and for every one of them five pounds apiece yearly, and a new gown every two years for each of them, and twenty nobles to some honest and able man for reading prayers in the said house.” A comely building it must have been in that day, for Drake adds:—“The hospital suffered much by fire at the siege of York A.D. 1640. It is since repaired, but not so handsome as it was at first.” He also shewed his good-will to the Minster by presenting three of the seven large branches by which the Choir was formerly illuminated at Evening Service. The Ingram family continued for some generations. Sir Arthur’s only son, was appointed deputy to his father in the “Council of the North,” became High Sheriff, and married Elizabeth, sister of Sir Henry Slingsby. Their son Henry was created Viscount of Irvine, in Scotland, at the Restoration; which title became extinct on the death of his grandson, although nine members of the family in succession had borne it; and it is in abeyance amongst the descendants of his five daughters, the late Mrs. Meynell Ingram being the widow of the last representative of the third.

The decadence, however, of its original glories, if not rapid, has been complete. Archbishop Young had destroyed the roof of the great hall for the sake of the lead, 1560; and in later days the building was used as “a riding-school for the Dragoons.” In 1736, Drake says:—“The palace belonging to the Archbishop of York, in the Minster Yard, has long been leased out of the Church, and such is the mutability of times and fashions, converted into a dancing school at one end, and a play-house at the other. Some others of its ancient apartments were,

of late years, honoured with a weekly assembly of ladies and gentlemen, until the new rooms in Blake Street were built."

Eventually it became a ruin, and passed by exchange into the hands of the Dean and Chapter, some eighty years ago, and was pulled down 1818 when "the Residence" was built in its place in 1824, the old Deanery on the south side of the Minster destroyed 1831, and the present one erected on the site of the prebendal house of Stillington.

The residence of the Treasurer of the Minster had been acquired by Archbishop Young after the Reformation, and partly re-built by his son Sir George Young, at the commencement of the Seventeenth Century. Here James I dined April 12th, 1617, and knighted Sir John Hotham, who eventually lost his head in his efforts to recover his loyalty, and several others. Here, afterwards, George Aislaby lived, the Chapter-Clerk of the Minster, who was killed in a duel one Sunday morning, 1675, by John Jennings, who taunted him for shutting his gate the night before against his own niece, Miss Mallory, who had stayed, he thought, too late at a ball at the Duke of Buckingham's house on Bishop Hill. But the northern portion of the present façade facing the Minster, with its spacious rooms and staircases, was not added until 1709, by Robert Squire, the then owner; a fine specimen of the days of good Queen Anne, of which there are many others throughout the city.

In Bootham, close by, there are several houses evidencing by their features outside, and ornamental details inside, that they were built at this period, though some as early as the time of Charles II, marking the

gradual development of a city suburb, when more peaceful times encouraged the citizens to make their residences outside the narrow restrictions of the city walls.

On the eastern side of Castlegate stands "Castlegate House," with beautiful staircase and hall, adorned probably by the brothers Adam, who flourished 1728-1792. It was built by Charles, tenth Viscount Fairfax, of Gilling Castle, as his town residence. Afterwards it became the residence of Mr. Peregrine Wentworth, the Registrar for the West Riding, whose portrait appears in the old prints of the "New Walk." At a much later date it was the town house of Sir John Lister-Kaye, Bart., Lord Mayor, 1727, who restored Micklegate Bar, on which his arms are still emblazoned.

Immediately opposite is a fine old house of this period, standing back from the street, the family mansion of Sir John Eden, who probably acquired it by his wife, the only daughter and heir of Peter Johnson, Recorder of York, a descendant of John Johnson, one of the first Scotsmen admitted to the freedom of the city, in 1501.

Again, in Micklegate, there is another fine specimen of about the same date, as a town house, by John Bouchier, of Beningborough, who died in 1759, the last lineal descendant of Sir John Bouchier, whose unfortunate quarrel with Strafford changed a devoted loyalist into an ardent Republican, and eventually caused him to set his name to the death-warrant of Charles I; and lower down are two large houses in the same style, built by Mr. Henry Thompson and Alderman Edward Thompson, substantial merchants, and the latter twice Lord Mayor, 1708-1721.

In Trinity Lane are still the traces of Buckingham House, built by Thomas, Lord Fairfax, and eventually the residence of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the “Zimri” of Dryden :

“Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by turns, and nothing long;  
Who in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon—”

who married his daughter ; and when banished from Court, continued, for a season, his dissipated life here, and at Helmsley Castle, which he had inherited from his mother Baroness de Ros, and which, after his death, while hunting at Kirby Moorside, according to Pope,—“In the worst inn’s worst room,”—was sold by his trustees,

“And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham’s delight,  
Slides to a scrivener and a city knight.”

In Skeldergate we find the fragment of an ancient building, which Mr. Davies considers to be remains of a mansion of the Nevills ; for, in the reign of Henry VI, Ralph Nevill, Earl of Westmorland, the father of the King-maker, was the owner of a messuage in Skeldergate, with a garden and dove-cote. On “the King’s Staith,” on the opposite bank of the river, is a fine old house with bold mouldings, cornice, and regular façade ; this was built by William Cornwall, about the end of the Seventeenth Century. He was Sheriff in 1700, and Lord Mayor 1712 and 1725. The Duke of Cumberland is said to have resided here in 1746, on his return from his triumphant, but sanguinary campaign in Scotland, probably when seventy-five of the Jacobite insurgents were tried and executed in York ; the Chaplain to the High Sheriff preaching before the Judges on the very



Ancient Buildings in Skeldergate.

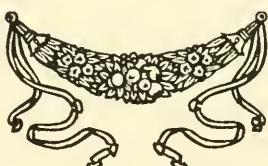


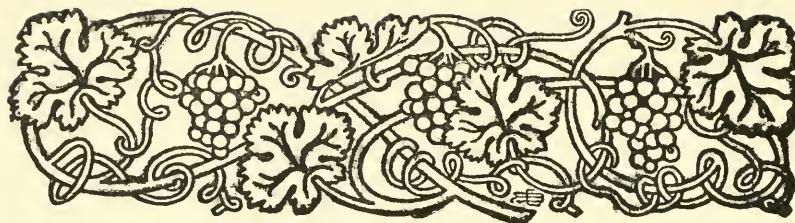
Cumberland House, King's Staith.



significant text,—Numbers xxv, 5: “And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, slay ye every one his men that have joined themselves unto Baal-peor.” Since that time the house has been known as Cumberland House.

Alas! that the former bridge with its graceful central arch, said to have been equal to the Rialto at Venice, and built in 1564, to supply the top of two arches of the old bridge, mentioned by Leland, and destroyed by a flood, should have been swept away for the present commonplace structure in 1806.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### STREETS OF YORK.

#### CONEY STREET; THE GUILD HALL.

**C**T would be impossible to deal with all the streets of the City, account for their names, describe their particular features, and rehearse their special histories, but one street must not be overlooked, *viz.*, the principal street, the High Street as it would be called in ordinary towns, Coney Street as it is named by us, not from any association with the Biblical animal so mentioned, but because a corruption of Koenig or King Street, the Danish name for the way which reached from the Bailehill to the Palace of the King, abutting on St. Olave's Church. It is an unworthy abbreviation, but not worse than in London, where the King's Way or "Route du Roi" is known as Rotten Row; and in this street are situated two buildings which deserve our special attention, *viz.*, the Hall of the Corporation, and the House of the Chief Magistrate, not only from their Municipal, but also their architectural and historical importance.

It is a little difficult at first to account for the fact that the Guild Hall, stands on the site of the Guildhouse of St. Christopher, which became associated with, and eventually incorporated in the body of the City.

Municipal Guilds date from a very early period of English history. Ovey, the friend of Canute, is said to have founded a Guild at Abbotsbury in honour of God and of St. Peter, and the fundamental idea which seems to have generally influenced those who established or maintained them appears to have been the association for mutual self-help by people themselves, with certain specified principles which obtained in all Guilds, whether Craft or Religious Guilds. The former were composed for the most part of men of the same calling. The latter comprehended Clergy and Laity of all ranks, though women do not appear to have been admitted until the year 1422, and then only the wives and married women privileged to provide or wait at table at the customary feast.

There were many Craft Guilds in the City of York, of which only two now survive, the Merchant Adventurers' which indeed had branches in many of the cities of England, and which was established to rescue commerce from the grasp of the Hanseatic League, or Confederacy of North German towns, by whom it had been absorbed during the intestine troubles of the Wars of the Roses. The Merchant Tailors', instituted for the honour of God and St. John the Baptist, 3, Henry VI, and combined with the Drapers. The Grocers, Mercers, and Apothecaries, were all united in one Guild, and there was a Guild of Linen Weavers. In addition to these

Drake mentions forty-nine distinct "trades" who all paid yearly to the City for the repair of the Mother Hall. There was also a large number of Religious Guilds.

The Guild of the Lord's Prayer, which originated in the tradition that, once on a time, a Play setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer was played in the City of York, with so much benefit to the people that a Guild was established 21st January, 1388, not only to repeat this Play from time to time, but to maintain a table showing the whole use and meaning of the Lord's Prayer, hanging against a pillar in the Cathedral Church, near to a candle bearer containing seven lights in token of the seven supplications of the Lord's Prayer.

Another Religious Guild in York was that of Corpus Christi, founded November 6th, 1408, which included amongst its original members, Scrope, Archbishop of York; George Nevill, Bishop Elect of Exeter, afterwards Archbishop; Andrew, Dean of York; Henry Wyman, Lord Mayor. The Guild lasted for 150 years; 16,851 persons were enrolled therein, and it was suppressed in 1547. The principal work of the Guild seems to have been:—a solemn procession through York on Corpus Christi Day, and a solemn performance of the Corpus Christi play on the Vigil preceding, by members of all the different trades in the City.

The Trades - Guilds seem to have been established originally for the mutual protection of their goods, and the importation of the raw material; but as time went on, they increased not only in number, but in power, so that in the reign of Edward III there were

forty-eight distinct Guilds, exercising such despotic power that they even dictated the election of Lord Mayor in spite of the wishes of the Council.

But if there was thus discord between the Corporation and the Secular Guilds, it seems strange at first that there should have been such harmony between the Corporation and the Guild of St. Christopher to unite in building a common hall; but its name, I think, indicates why it was originally placed in this particular spot. The Legend of St. Christopher is as follows:— A heathen man of gigantic stature named Reprobis, fearing the power of Satan, but knowing nothing of Christ, came to a hermit for relief, who, finding that he had not the gift of fasting, nor any conception of prayer, committed to him the work of fording wayfarers across the waters, for such guidance and assistance were often needed in those days when bridges were unknown, and fords often difficult to find, and the force of the stream often violent or uncertain. One night a little child pleaded to be carried over the water, and the giant who at first thought lightly of the burden on his shoulders, found to his surprise that the weight increased, until his strong knees began to fail him, and he almost despaired to reach the opposite bank; when suddenly a celestial radiance beamed above his head, the burden seemed no longer heavy, but light, his powers no longer feeble, but mighty, and he realized that it was Christ Himself that he was bearing, and so became Christopher, the Christ bearer, and was duly Canonized amongst the Saints of the Church. Guilds bearing this name arose at Norwich, and in various parts of Christendom, in

which all members were pledged to take part in like holy and seasonable work. The existence then of such a Guild at such a spot indicates that it was a place of passage across the river. It may have been simply a ford, for before Naburn Lock was built, the Ouse at York was a tidal river, and at low water it might have been possible to wade across it; or it may have been a ferry, or possibly the site of the original wooden bridge which broke down under the crushing weight of the enthusiastic thousands who welcomed Archbishop William Fitzherbert, and who, it was said, were saved from drowning by his miraculous influence.

It does not follow that the more permanent stone bridge should have been built upon the same spot as its predecessor, and no doubt there were other places for passage across the river. The Abbey of St. Mary had a ferry, or perhaps rather a wharfe, where they could land the goods which they were entitled to receive free of toll from Boroughbridge. But this spot would be in early days essentially a place of traffic, for it was at the foot of "the Stone Gait," which led directly to the Minster. Here would come the heavily laden barges which brought stone for the building, or the increase of the fabric. Here would come the crowds of worshippers and pilgrims who gathered from all parts to pay their devotions at the House of God. So here, if anywhere, would be found the Guild of St. Christopher, whose faithful brethren would be ever ready to render help in need. Here also would come the commerce of the City of York, for the river was the great, if not the only highway, and merchandize and provisions, if they were to come to, or leave York at all, could only do so by the water; and this would bring the Guild into

close association with the ruling powers of the City, and if so we may be sure that they would expect to have some share in the control and management of the traffic.

There are also evidences which indicate that this was a place of traffic not only up and down the river, but across the river, though there are no traces of a similar Guild House on the other side; but in the East window of the Church of All Saints', immediately opposite, there is a very beautiful representation of the same Saint with the Child Christ upon his shoulder, which seems to indicate that it was in touch with the other side, and the donors of the window, Nicholas Blackburn and his son, were evidently men of commerce as well as affluence and high position in York. Nicholas Blackburn, Alderman, was Lord Mayor, 1413 and 1429, and founded a Chantry in the Chapel of St. Anne, on Foss Bridge, 1424. John Blackburn, "*Civis et Mercator Ebor,*" was buried at St. Mary's, Castlegate. He was also one of the representatives of the City in Parliament, and temp. Henry V "one Blackburn, who was twice Mayor of York, made the Causeway from Skip Bridge to the end of Hessay Moor." Drake says:—"In North Street are several exceeding strong water walls, which have no doubt been the outworks of several large buildings and warehouses belonging to merchants formerly inhabiting in this street," so that these opulent merchants may have had not only places of business here, but their residence also, and would wish to be in easy reach of the other side.

Scaiffe, in his Map of York, suggests that the Roman road came to this spot from Michaelgate, and if so, this would be another link between the country and the

City; so that what seems at first sight rather a strange co-operation, evidently follows as a matter of course. We can understand how in 1445, a distinctly secular body, and a distinctly religious body united together for one common purpose, and raised a Common Hall at their joint expense, to be alike for the service, and under the management of each.

But a building of such a composite character would need to be spacious, and entail much more time and expence than was commonly devoted to a Guild Hall. Hence we find that it was for some years in construction, and that substantial offerings were required and made. Thomas Chapman, Saddler, to avoid being elected Sheriff, paid ten pounds, and gave one hundred waynscottes towards the ceiling of the Hall. Three years afterwards the Corporation agreed that in addition twenty pounds should be given by Thomas Jameson, and forty by John Doggeson.

The Guild of St. George, another fraternity, was united to it, containing no doubt many members of the Corporation, who would thus help the work, and although the citizens assembled in the Guild Hall in the early part of the reign of Edward IV, it was not finished until a later period. And no wonder, as the completion of such a building must have involved time, as well as taste and cost, for in many respects it is quite unique amongst all similar buildings. Its lofty height, its graceful proportions, its unparalleled arcades of oaken pillars eighteen feet three inches in height, and five feet seven inches in girth, cut out of some of the Monarchs of the Forest of Gaultres close by. Its roof, so appropriate in its design, so strong in its construction, and so correct in taste, with such bold mouldings



Guildhall Interior.



to the ribs, and such substance in the principals, garnished moreover with many quaint designs and carvings, expressing no doubt subtle references to the names and callings of those who contributed to place them there. These all combine to make a *tout-ensemble*, which is most grateful to the eye, and now that the electric light has been judiciously placed, and every detail, once shrowded in darkness, brought to light, it is indeed deserving of careful study, and certain to evoke sober and cultured admiration.

It has, I think, also this interesting significance. It was constructed at the close of the Gothic Period, and is pure Gothic in every part, and a specimen of the latest School of Perpendicular work, and perhaps it is amongst the last, if not the very last which was finished, for it was at the dawn of a new School entitled the Renaissance, or revival, of classical details, and this in its turn gradually and entirely superseded the Gothic taste.

Mr. Alfred Gotch, in his book on "Early Renaissance Architecture in England," shows how gradually, subtilely, yet effectually the new style affected the mouldings, proportions and designs of its predecessor, how all that was strictly Gothic was gradually superseded by that which was purely Classic, until eventually under the influence of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren and others, the Classic style became paramount, and for a season at least the old Gothic was discarded.

And perhaps the prime agent in introducing this new style into the City of York was Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, whose grandfather, the second Earl of Cork in the Peerage of Ireland, had obtained that title, together with that of Baron Clifford,

in the Peerage of England, having married Lady Elizabeth Clifford, the only daughter and heiress of Henry, fifth Earl of Cumberland, the last of a long line of those who had ever proved themselves loyal subjects and bulwarks of the State. Fitzponz, the founder of the family had come over in the train of the Conqueror, and received from him the Castle of Clifford, in Herefordshire, as well as the office of Castellan of York Castle,—the only remaining fragment of which, the Keep, still retains the name of Clifford's Tower,—and also the hereditary privilege, which in after days was more than once hotly contested, of carrying the Sword of State before the King whenever he visited this ancient City.

In due course of time the family grew in power and importance. In the Twelfth Century, Rosamond, daughter of Walter de Clifford, while yet a girl pupil in the Nunnery at Godstow, became, no doubt the affianced wife of Henry Plantagenet, who, on his accession to the Crown as Henry II, found it convenient to repudiate his early marriage, in order that he might ally himself with Eleanor, the divorced Queen of Louis, King of France, and heiress of Aquitaine. Nevertheless, Geoffry, his son by fair Rosamond, became eventually Archbishop of York, and alone of all the King's children, attended and comforted his father in his dying hour. Indeed, in his last moments, the King acknowledged his legitimacy, and his position in the Church confirms it.

In the Fourteenth Century, Edward II transferred the Barony of Skipton with its Castle, to Robert de Clifford, who fell at Bannockburn. In the Fifteenth Century, John, ninth Lord Clifford, married Margaret, daughter of Sir



Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.  
From the Portrait in the Kit-Cat Club.

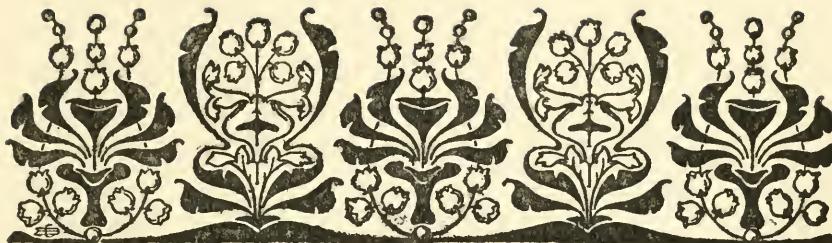


Henry Bromflete, and brought into the family the title of Vesci, and the great Estates of Londesborough ; and, in the Sixteenth Century, Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland by his marriage with Lady Margaret Percy, acquired the whole of the Percy Fee, which was half of Craven ; but, like all such great Estates, in due time it melted away. Faithful and true to their Sovereigns, according to the motto, “Desormais,” above the gate-way at Skipton, the dark hour of severance came ; and amidst the rising troubles of the reign of Charles I, the last Earl died under the shadow of the Minster, a prey to sorrow and despair. His three sons had perished, one by one, in their childhood. His brother-in-law, Lord Strafford, had been executed on the scaffold, and the Puritan party were already laying violent hands upon his Castle. His only daughter had married Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, whose unscrupulous appropriation of Church property in Ireland had excited the indignation of her Uncle, and as the guns of the Parliamentary forces bombarded his Castle at Skipton, his mortal body was laid to rest in a grave in the Churchyard beneath.

The Skipton Estates passed to his niece, Lady Anne, who had married the Earl of Dorset, and the Craven Estates, including Bolton Abbey and Londesborough, to his daughter, wife of the Earl of Cork, who thenceforth was created Baron Clifford and Earl of Burlington. For three generations the family prospered, and held high positions in the County and the Country, and the third Earl was evidently a man of ability and energy. He was Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, and a Knight of the Garter, and being evidently smitten with an Architectural mania, he devoted his time and wealth to carry out the prevailing fashion of

the day. Associating himself with Campbell, the author of "Vitruvius Britannicus," and Kent, who as Painter, Poet, Architect, in fact, general practitioner, had brought himself into notoriety, he exercised his taste in various places, and although his works were variously criticised, he established a reputation for artistic work, and is commemorated by Pope, in these amongst other words, "Who plants like Bathurst, and who builds like Boyle." He rebuilt Burlington House in London, and the family Villa at Chiswick, and although his recommendation that his friend Palladio should build the Mansion House in London was ignored only because he was a Roman Catholic, yet he has the credit of having designed the great Egyptian Chamber, where all the state ceremonials are still carried on.





## CHAPTER IX.

### THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS & MANSION HOUSE.

THE social gatherings which Charles I had inaugurated during his sojourn in York as some solace to the pressing anxieties of that anxious time had been loyally maintained as far as possible during the unsettled times which followed, and were largely appreciated by the many County Families, as well as the Citizens, as providing the social element which was consistent with the position of York as the Metropolis of the North of England. For many years they had been continued in the King's Manor, where they were originally founded; then, in a ruined portion of the Archbishop's Palace in the Minster Close, but the building had become so dilapidated that it was necessary to provide some other "rendez vous" elsewhere, and a Committee was formed to consider the subject, from the principal residents in and near the City, consisting of Henry Thompson, ancestor of Lord Wenlock, who lived in a large house in Castlegate;

Bouchier of Beningboro', who lived in Michaelgate; Darley of Aldby Park, who lived in Coney Street close to the Mansion House; the Scropes who lived in the Churchyard of St. Martin's, Coney Street; the Fairfaxes at Buckingham House; the Robinsons, ancestors of the present Lord Ripon, who lived at the Red House, still standing, at the end of Blake Street; the Aislabys who inhabited the Treasurer's House; Lord Langdale, whose house was in Blake Street; and we may, I think, be sure that the Archbishop and the Dean would not be absent from what was so essential for the social life of the City.

Such a Committee would naturally appeal for assistance to the Earl of Burlington who was no very distant neighbour, and also had filled the Office of Recorder during the year 1685, and at the very time was engaged with Mr. Kent in re-paving the Nave of the Minster, by cutting up the old gravestones, and relaying them "in a kind of mosaic, thought properst for a Gothic building." After some considerable correspondence, about £8,000 was raised in Shares, and with the assistance of Palladio, a suitable design provided, and on March 1st, 1730, the birthday of Queen Caroline, the wife of the reigning monarch, George II, the work was commenced.

It is unnecessary to describe the building, which is supposed to be a revival of Egyptian taste, consisting of the Card Room, the small Ball Room, the great Hall one hundred and eleven feet long by forty feet, with a double row of lofty columns; many of the chimney pieces and ceilings being the gift of Lord Burlington from his old Villa at Chiswick. Perhaps in their present deserted and

unkempt condition we can scarcely do the Assembly Rooms justice, but they seem to have been very much appreciated for the purpose for which they were erected, and when crowded with a brilliant throng of ladies in hoops and powder, and gentlemen in velvet coats and big wigs, must have been very brilliant. Indeed, so great was the concourse attending the various entertainments given therein, that it was found necessary to improve the approaches, and, therefore, the bodies were exhumed from the Churchyard of St. Helen, and re-interred in a plot of ground in Davygate, and the surface being duly levelled, converted into St. Helen's Square.

What further buildings Lord Burlington may have been instrumental in erecting in York I cannot say, but he died in 1753, and the ultimate fate of his own great house at Londesborough seems a terrible contrast to what had been the aim and pleasure of his life. He left no son to succeed to his title and estates. His second daughter, Juliana, died as a child, and her body was buried in the Church at Londesborough. His eldest daughter, Dorothy, married George, Earl of Euston, heir to the Duke of Grafton, when only seventeen, and died in less than a year, from, it is said, the cruel treatment of her husband. The youngest, Lady Charlotte, married the Marquis of Hartington, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, inherited his property, and her grandson, the sixth Duke, inflicted an irreparable injury on the place, by pulling down the historic mansion, which had been, in turn, the house of the Aytons, the Bromfletes, the Cliffords, and the Boyles; where the great Earl Strafford had been married to his wife; where Garrick had been a welcome guest with his charming wife, Violetta, the friend

of Mrs. Hannah More and where Pope had penned the following lines to his noble host :—

To build, to plant whatever you intend,  
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,  
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;  
In all let Nature never be forgot.

Consult the genius of the place in all  
That tells the waters or to rise or fall,  
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,  
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale.

Calls on the country, catches open glades,  
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;  
Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines,  
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

The older part of the house was so strongly built that it had to be blown up with gunpowder, but nothing now remains except the vault under the Church in which many of the bodies of its former owners await the Resurrection Day, while a few brass plates and funeral banners record who and what manner of men they were. The property was eventually sold to George Hudson, and afterwards to Lord Francis Conyngham, who was created Earl of Londesborough, and whose son, the present Earl, is descended from Lady Margaret Clifford, first wife of Henry, Earl of Cumberland, from whose second wife the present Countess of Londesborough is also descended.

A suitable residence for the Chief Magistrate would follow as a matter of course, and no doubt, the advice of so popular an exponent of classical taste as Lord Burlington would be invoked for this purpose, and though there is nothing remarkable in the external



1. The Museum.  
2. The Mansion House.



façade, the State Reception Room is well worthy of the City. Spacious, lofty, well proportioned, and embellished with various Classical details, it is as good a representation of the Renaissance style and work as the Guild Hall is of Gothic, and well adapted for the various occasions on which the Lord Mayor exercises his hospitality during his year of Office.

It may seem a little surprising that no portrait of this eminent benefactor to the City has been included amongst the many with which the walls of the State Chamber are now embellished, but these seem to have been commenced twenty years after his death, when, in 1783, the Earl Fitzwilliam presented the portrait of his uncle, Lord Rockingham, and the portraits of William III and George II were transferred here from the Rockingham Club.

I do not know what special claim the two latter may have had to this position, for there is no record which I have met with of a visit from either of them to the City of York. The Assembly Rooms, however, were commenced on the birthday of Caroline, Queen of the latter, and Drake closed his history rather abruptly and significantly with the copy of an Address from the Corporation, of loyalty and attachment to James II, and another almost immediately after to William III. There had either been a sudden change in the political views of the good people of York, or, as is often the case, there had been a division of opinion, and those who had been in a majority on the former occasion were now in a minority. At any rate, the learned historian seemed to think that this was time to close his book, and to carry out the advice of

his friend : “ *Tu sapiens finire memento.*”

But the portrait of Lord Rockingham is well worthy of a place in the City Mansion House, not only from its intrinsic value as the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but also as a memorial of one who played no insignificant part in a very critical epoch in the history of his Country. Charles Watson, second Marquis of Rockingham, was the grandson of Thomas Wentworth Watson, whose father, Edward, second Baron Watson, had married Lady Anne Wentworth, the daughter of the great Lord Strafford. On the death of his uncle, the second Lord, Thomas Wentworth, had inherited his family property at Wentworth Woodhouse, and became Lord Malton, and his son by Alice Proby was further created Earl of Malton, and Marquis of Rockingham. Charles, his son, the second Marquis, took an active part in politics during the reign of George III, and especially in one particular question, which has left such permanent and important results. On his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury in 1765, Lord Rockingham had made Burke his Private Secretary, in spite of the sinister warnings of the old Duke of Newcastle, that he was not merely an Irish adventurer, but a Papist and a Jesuit from St. Omer. This official connection soon ripened into a close and lasting personal friendship, and probably by his influence, Lord Rockingham adopted his decided views about American Independence. By his interest Burke was elected Member for Malton, which he continued to represent until his retirement from Parliament.

Burke’s first speech in the House had been in favour of the Motion that the petition of the American Congress



Lord Rockingham.



should be received by Parliament. His last speech before the dissolution was to urge the repeal of the Tea Duty, which had been imposed on those Colonies. It was the burning question of the hour, and as usual, there were three courses open for its solution. One, which was supposed to have the support of the King, that it should be enforced by arms; another, that additional efforts should be made to conciliate the American people, and induce them to accept it; and the third, that full free independence should be conceded to the American people. The great Lord Chatham and Lord Rockingham, though in entire agreement against the first, were divided on the two last. The former, though suffering severely from illness, went down to the House of Lords, and unsuccessfully moved an Address to the Crown for the cessation of hostilities. "You may ravage," he said, "but you cannot conquer the Americans. I might as well talk of driving them before me with my crutch." He urged the Government not to yield, but to temporise, and by expedient conciliation to keep them loyal to the Crown. He was assured, however, that in the event of further delay, France would interfere, and war would be declared, though they had only five ships of the line in England. On the other hand, he could not adopt the policy of Rockingham, who was anxious to acknowledge at once the independence of America; and this, on April 7th, 1778, the Duke of Richmond advocated, and moved an Address to the Crown for the withdrawal of the forces from the revolted Colonies.

Against the advice of his Physician, Earl Chatham insisted on being present at the Debate, and wrapped up in flannel, and supported on crutches, he staggered into the

House, led by his son and son-in-law. It must have been a thrilling scene. The old house, burned down with all the other Parliamentary buildings when I was a boy, not a gilded glittering hall as it is now, but a stately Chamber draped in crimson cloth, and hung with large Arras depicting Scriptural and allegorical scenes. The Peers themselves, not in their State robes as represented by Copley in his striking picture now in the National Gallery, neither in the more conventional every-day attire of the present day, but in those picturesque costumes which we love to see in the paintings of Reynolds and Romney, with carefully trimmed wigs on their heads, and smart three cornered hats in their hands, and glittering buckles on their shoes, and rapiers at their sides, with velvet coats of different colours and long embroidered waistcoats. With such as these the House was crowded by its Members, for the consideration of what was indeed a National crisis, and amongst them the tall form of Lord Rockingham would be not the least conspicuous; but perhaps the sympathy of all present would be with the aged Peer, whose flow of eloquence and beauty of expression, animated and striking beyond conception, had often rivetted their attention, and convinced their minds, and who now was struggling so boldly and manfully in spite of pain and weakness to do that which in his conscience he felt to be his duty to his Country and his King.

Rising with difficulty, in a few broken words uttered in a barely audible voice, he protested for the last time against "the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble Monarchy," and laughed to scorn any idea of a French invasion.

The Duke of Richmond spoke in reply, and then Chatham, rising to speak a second time, fell backwards in a fit, was carried insensible to the Princes' Chamber, and eventually to his own house, where he expired on the 11th of May.

Happy would it have been for the Nation if either his policy, or Lord Rockingham's policy had been adopted, and the independence, whose grand and beneficent development we now recognize and admire, had been conceded, instead of being wrung from a reluctant Nation by the arbitrament of that internecine strife which is always so fierce and ruthless, when brother goes to war with brother, even for the cause of liberty; but the majority were determined to push the question to the bitter end.

The war which had commenced went on until 1782, when Rockingham was called upon to form a Coalition Government. He reluctantly obeyed, but oppressed with the sense of failure in what he had endeavoured to accomplish, and harrassed by the thoughts of what the obstinate persistence of his opponents might inevitably produce, he fell a victim to the anxieties and fatigues of Office on July 1st, and American Independence, the object for which he had striven, was recognized by the English Nation on July 10th, 1782.

In a nameless grave in York Minster, his mortal body was buried on July 20th, and as he had left no issue by his wife Mary, daughter of Thomas Bright of Badsworth, who survived him until 1804, his honours became extinct, and his Estates at Wentworth and Malton devolved on William, second Earl Fitzwilliam, the son of his sister Anne.

Of the other portraits which adorn the walls of this Chamber, perhaps the most striking is that of George IV, when Prince of Wales, who, on his visit to York in August, 1769, received here the Freedom of the City, and presented this portrait on June 4th, 1811, in commemoration of his father's birthday. It is a characteristic portrait of the Prince in the zenith of his early manhood, and the introduction of the black page, who is fastening his girdle, is a triumph of artistic effect. The painter is said to have been Hoppner, but was probably his contemporary, Cosway, who was largely patronized by the Prince, and whose name is attached to many similar portraits of him in style and attitude.

The remaining portraits consist of those, who, having great Estates in the County, were willing to sacrifice the ease and enjoyment of County life for the welfare of the City, and after filling the Office of Lord Mayor, their portraits have been duly placed here in token of the appreciation and gratitude of their fellow citizens.

Sir John Lister Kaye, M.P. for York, 1734, elected Alderman in 1735, and Lord Mayor 1737, the nephew of Sir Arthur Kaye, M.P. for the County, whose only daughter, Elizabeth, by her marriage with the first Earl of Dartmouth conveyed into that family the old house and estate of Woodsome, near Huddersfield, which had been the inheritance of the Kayes from the time of the Conqueror.

Lawrence Dundas, Lord Mayor, 1810, the eldest son of the first Lord Dundas, whom he succeeded in 1820, being created first Earl of Zetland, 1828.

George Lane Fox, M.P. for the City of York, who, inheriting, through his mother Frances Lane, the Estates



Ludowick Stuart, Duke of Lennox. After Mytens.



of James Lane second and last Viscount Lanesborough her brother, added the family name to his own patronymic, and was created Lord Bingley in 1762, but having no children, he bequeathed his property to his nephew, grandfather of the late George Lane Fox of Bramham.

\* Sir William Milner, second Baronet, whose mother was the daughter of Sir W. Dawes, Archbishop of York, and who filled the Office of Lord Mayor, 1781 and 1798, besides being Member of Parliament for the City. *for many years Member of Parliament for York*

The picture on the staircase probably by Mytens is, we are told, the portrait of "Ludowick Stuart, Duke of Lennox, Duke and Earl of Richmond, Earl of Settrington, Lord Great Chamberlain and Admiral of Scotland, and Lord Steward of the Household of King James I of England," and is full of interest, not indeed from the many titles which he bore, but from the significance implied thereby, and the historical details connected therewith; for, on Saturday, April 16th, 1603, King James VI of Scotland had entered York on his way to take up his position in London as James I of England. Under ordinary circumstances this would be an event of great interest to the people of York, but there were reasons why to them it should specially be so; for the King was the son of a native of the County, and at the moment a landed proprietor therein. His Father, Henry, Earl of Darnley, had been born at Temple Newsam, which, for more than a century and a quarter, a Preceptory of the Knights Templars, had been dissolved in 1314, on the downfall of the Order, and in 1344, granted by King Edward III to John Darcy, Steward of His Majesty's Household, whose descendant, Sir Thomas Darcy, created a Baron and Knight of the Garter by Henry VIII, was

\* *It was Sir William, second Baronet Milner*  
*3<sup>d</sup> baronet - Son of the above,*  
*whose brother was Sir Thomas Darcy,*  
*uncle of last Earl of Blerborough, who*  
*for York who filled the office of Lord Mayor of*  
*York - created by his great grand daughter Pollet Milner*

eventually beheaded at his order on Tower Hill for having delivered up Pontefract Castle to the rebels of "the Pilgrimage of Grace."

The Estate thus confiscated was given by the King to Matthew, fourth Earl of Lennox, the husband of Margaret Douglas, daughter of His sister, Margaret, Queen of James IV of Scotland by her second husband, the Earl of Angus. The Earl of Lennox is described as "a discontented pensioner of the English Crown," for the old house seems to have been in a ruinous condition, and in his estimation, no doubt, unworthy of his dignity as a Peer of Scotland. Nevertheless, there his son, Henry, Lord Darnley, was born, and thus both by his father and mother's side, James I was descended from Queen Margaret, whose triumphal bridal entry into York, has been already recorded.

Ludowic Stuart, son of his brother, Esme, then, was first cousin once removed to the King, who was very much attached to him and his only brother Esme. He had already made the former, Lord Great Chamberlain and Lord Steward of his Household, and we can understand how, on entering his new Kingdom, he should confer additional English honours upon him, advance him to the dignity of Duke of Richmond, Baron Settrington, as well as present him with Temple Newsam, all within the County of York, while eventually he gave to the latter, the confiscated Estate of Lord Cobham in Kent.

Nothing seems to have been omitted in the King's reception in York consistent with such a serious and responsible occasion, for, if ever, this was an epoch in life, the undertaking of another Kingdom in addition to that which he already enjoyed, and so there was a



James VI, Scotland, I of England.  
From an Old Engraving.



distinctly religious tone in all the arrangements of his visit. The King first proceeded to the Minster, where there was a solemn Service, together with a Latin Oration by the Dean, Dr. Thornborough, all the Members of the Chapter, and the whole “quyer of singing men in their richest couples.” The next day being Sunday, there was another Service at the Minster, attended by the King and the Lord Mayor and Corporation, when the Dean preached the Sermon, and a “fayre cuppe” with a cover of silver and gilt, containing two hundred angels of gold was presented to His Majesty in “the Priest’s Chamber.”

On the following morning he breakfasted with the Lord Mayor and Corporation, walked to the Dean’s house, where he was entertained with a banquet, and mounting his horse passed through the Cittie, forth at Micklegate towards Grimston. Evidently, however, something, and that of no little importance, had been forgotten, for the next morning the Lord Mayor being summoned by a Nobleman was brought up to His Majesty’s bed-chamber at Grimston, and there Knighted.

During the whole of his reign, the King enjoyed the fellowship and support of his devotedly attached cousins, but they both died during the year 1624, the year preceding the King’s own death. The former left no children, but the latter had four sons, each of them as devoted to Charles I as their father had been to his father. They were many years junior to the young King, and grew up animated with all the warm affection and enthusiasm which is generated in boyhood by the influence and example of one whose life and character

commanded their confidence and regard, and which in their case never faltered nor swerved to the end.

James, the eldest son, now created Duke of Richmond, had just married Lady Mary Villiers, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, when, summoned to Edinburgh to attend his mother's funeral, he was earnestly entreated by the Council to intercede with the King not to press the compulsory use of the proposed Liturgy, and with that wise candour and courage which seem to have animated all his dealings with his Royal cousin, he strongly urged the King to consider the wishes of his Scotch subjects. Indeed, he repeated this advice before the King in Council, but he failed to appreciate the gravity of the occasion, and followed the more violent counsels of his other advisers. Nevertheless, the Duke accompanied the King when he went down to Scotland, and endeavoured in vain to conciliate his subjects, and at a great assemblage of Peers at York offered £20,000 towards the sum which the King required to resist the invasion of the Scotch Army, though he earnestly recommended him to patch up a peace. As usual, misunderstood, he was maligned in the House of Lords as an ill counsellor to His Majesty. When the King rode up to the gates of Hull, and summoned Sir John Hotham in vain to surrender the fortress, he was with him, and then seeing the critical nature of the impending struggle, he summoned his three brothers to the Royal Standard, and all three were present at the Battle of Edgehill, where the eldest, Lord D'Aubigny, fell mortally wounded, and, carried by his brother Bernard, to Abingdon,

died, and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. This exasperated the feeling against the Duke, and his house at Cobham was seized, and his Estates sequestered. Nevertheless, for the next few years he followed the King's fortunes, and accompanied him in all his journeys and adventures.

On March 29th, 1644, another gallant brother, Lord John, was killed at the Battle of Aberford, and buried, by his brother, at Oxford. In the same year the Duke suggested a meeting of "sober men chosen from each side to discuss a Treaty," and both English and Scotch Commissioners met the Royal Commissioners at Uxbridge under his presiding; but after twenty weary days and nights of hard work and useless discussion the Conference broke up without achieving any result; the Duke exhibiting so much independence and impartiality, that, for the moment, the King's confidence was shaken in him, but as Clarendon said of him, "He had all the warmth and passions of a subject, a servant, and a friend to the King, but he was a man of high spirit, and valued his very fidelity at the rate it was worth."

In 1645, at the Battle of Rowton Heath, his last surviving brother, Lord Bernard, was killed, and the Duke carried his body to Oxford, and buried it in Christ Church, beside his two brave brothers.

In the following year, convinced of the uselessness of struggles against the overwhelming power which now ruled the country, the Duke decided to make no further efforts, and he was permitted to retire to his own house. Nevertheless, he was still allowed to maintain his intercourse with the King, and was in attendance on him at

the last and fruitless attempt at a Treaty between the King and the Parliament in August, 1648, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and was with him during the last night he spent in the Island.

At break of day, Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbitt ordered the King to start with him at once, and having accompanied his Royal Master about two miles, the Duke sadly took leave of the King, being scarcely permitted to kiss his hand, and he never saw him alive again. After his condemnation, the Duke pressed for a final interview, but through Sir Thomas Herbert, the King said, in a kind message "to the Prime Elector and the other Lords who loved him," that he hoped they would not take it ill if he refused to see anyone but his own children, and urged them instead to pray for him.

One final effort, however, he made, with Hertford, Southampton and Lindsay offering their lives in exchange for that of the King, and urging that as Privy Councillors they were more responsible than he for any so called treasonable acts. They, however, were only allowed the melancholy satisfaction of attending his body to the grave, and the Duke was entrusted with the superintendence of his funeral at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on February 9th, 1648.

The Duke went home a broken-hearted man, and "never had his health or spirits again." "He pined away in his house of mourning for his Majesty's person, whom he would have died for." The birth of a son, who, however, did not long survive him, cheered in a measure these dark times; and "living, as a man buried,

in his house at Cobham," he died on March 30th, 1655, and his body was buried in King Henry VII Chapel in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with that of his uncle Ludovic, Duke of Richmond, whose portrait hangs upon the staircase of the Mansion House at York.

#### PLATE AND INSIGNIA IN THE CITY.

Not the least among the many objects of interest are the specimens of silver plate dating from the Seventeenth Century to the present time. No doubt the exigencies of the great Civil War constrained the citizens in their loyalty for the King to surrender most of their many personal and family treasures for his service, for there is frequent mention of them in the old wills published by the Surtees Society. But the goldsmith's art seems to have flourished in York as early as 1360. In 1374, Alan de Alnewyk, goldsmith, had his shop in "Stayngate." The names of two York goldsmiths, Wormod and Jonyng, occur in the will of an Archdeacon of Richmond (1400), and in 1401 the will of another, viz., Wermolt Harlam, leaves a gold-knopped ring to the wife of John Angowe, a craftsman of the same mystery. John Luneburgh, in 1458, leaves some of his working tools to his fellow goldsmiths, Robert Spicer and John Pudsay. And John Colam, in 1490, has left behind him a full inventory of working tools and appliances for carrying on a goldsmith's business. Thomas Skelton is found selling Mazers in the middle of the Fifteenth Century. In the fourteenth year of Henry IV, an important decision was given concerning a dispute which arose in the craft, which was

again reviewed in the fifth of Queen Elizabeth, 1561. The old ordinance of Henry IV was confirmed, and it was also ordained that all work should be “towched with the pounce of the Citie called the half leopard head, and half flowre de luyce as the Statute purporteth.” Many of the leading goldsmiths of York have attained to the dignity of Lord Mayor. Henry Wyman in 1403, Thomas Gray in 1497, William Willson 1513, George Gaile 1534, Ralph Pullein 1537, John Thompson 1685, Mark Gill 1697. In 1701 the assay office was re-established in York, and the distinguishing mark since then has been a shield of the arms of the city, viz.:—*five lions passant on a cross.*

#### CIVIC INSIGNIA.

The origin of the civic insignia of York seems to be due to the exceptional favour shown to this ancient City by Richard II. In 1392 a severe outbreak of the plague having broken out in London, the Courts of King’s Bench and Chancery were removed from thence to York at the instigation of Thomas Arundel, then Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor of England. The stay was but for a few months, and the panic having then subsided they returned to their old quarters in the metropolis. But it was only natural that such a rare occurrence should be commemorated by some special honour bestowed upon the City. The King therefore conferred on the Chief Magistrate the dignity of Lordship in addition to that of Mayor, with, a custom not uncommon in those days, the gift of a Sword of State and a Cap of Maintenance, and in

the following year presented the City with a Mace. The present insignia of the City are the successors of the royal gifts. The original sword disappeared in the year 1795. The present swords consist of: (a) The sword of the Emperor Sigismund, father-in-law of King Richard II, hung up over his Stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in 1416, on his installation as Knight of the Garter. On his death in 1437 it became the perquisite of the Dean and Chapter, and was eventually presented to York in 1439 by Henry Hanslap, one of the Canons, and also Canon of Howden and Rector of Middleton, near Pickering, and a native of the City of York. The length of the sword is four feet four inches, the upper half of the blade being damascened with the Royal Arms on one side and those of the city on the other. (b) The second sword, measuring four feet and a quarter of an inch, with a hilt of silver gilt, was given by Sir Martin Bowes, a native of York, and Lord Mayor of London (1545), the words engraved on the blade, "for a remembrance" "to the Mayor and Communaltie of this said honorable Citie." The sheath was originally covered with crimson velvet garnished with stones and pearls. But on the visit of James I to this city (1603), on his way to be crowned in London, it was carried off by some officer of his Court, probably as part of the regalia, and only recovered after much delay and difficulty, bereft of its jewels.

The original cap of maintenance, or the token of the possession of a dignity conferred by the Sovereign, was, I assume, little more than a skull cap, similar to the caps of maintenance within the coronets of the nobility and

the crown itself. However, in 1445 this had disappeared or been worn out, and a successor was provided at the cost of forty-two shillings. In 1580 "a new hatt of maintenaunce" was provided by Peter Wilkinson, hatter, for forty shillings, and this in a somewhat dilapidated condition is worn by the sword-bearer at the present day.

What became of the original mace we cannot say, but in 1462 and again in 1477 there are entries in the Chamberlain's accounts for the re-gilding of the mace. Drake in his history mentions a second mace, "the biggest carried on Sundays, the lesser at all other times." But in 1646 it was ordered that a new mace be made, and "to make sale of the little old mace toward the charge thereof." So it is probable that the large mace was melted up at the same time. The present mace, then constructed by Claudius Tirrell, whose initials are under one of the panels, is of silver gilt, and measures three feet five inches in length, and bears embossed the arms of the city, the portcullis crowned, the ostrich feathers, the Cross of St. George, the Lion of England, and a crowned rose. Figures of Faith, Justice, Charity and Fortitude appear in the circular panels round the head. The Royal Crown by which it is surmounted and the Royal Arms with the initials of Charles II were evidently added after the Restoration.

The Lord Mayor's gold chain of office, weighing nineteen ounces, was bequeathed to the city by Sir Robert Watter, Kt. and Alderman, Lord Mayor (1603). It consists of three rows of beautifully twisted links of two patterns, without any pendant or badge, and was presented by his executors, June 26th, 1612. The Lady Mayoress's gold

chain, weighing twelve ounces, was given by Marmaduke Rawdon, a merchant of London, who built the market cross on the site of the chancel of All Saints' Church, pulled down for that purpose, and who was the son of Laurence Rawdon, and Alderman of this city. The Lady Mayoress has also a "Staff of Honour," of dark wood tipped with silver, said to have been taken in battle from some Indian potentate, and presented by Alderman Towne (1726), in lieu of "the old staff of honour being much decayed through antiquity." The Sheriff's chain and badge of gold were given by Alderman Thomas Walker, on his retirement from office (1893). The sword-bearer, mace-bearer, and staff-bearer have each a silver livery collar, consisting of a chain composed of a double row of recumbent lions with pendant shields. Two of these collars are probably survivors of those mentioned in 1565 in the Chamberlain's book, the other is of later date, but in each of them there is much interesting mediæval work, and they well deserve attention. The porter's staff of ebony, capped with silver, was presented by Richard Morrison, Lord Mayor in 1707 and 1721.

#### CIVIC PLATE.

The collection of civic plate, though not large, is exceedingly interesting, and contains several specimens of the best taste and date. The oldest pieces are a silver rose-water basin and ewer, with curved spout and handle, the gift of James Hutchinson (Lord Mayor 1634), bearing the London hall-mark (1648), and weighing one hundred and two ounces. Two large tankards, fine specimens of the drum type, with flat lids, each standing

on three lions couchant, bearing the York hall-mark, 1674, and made by John Plummer and Marmaduke Best, eminent silversmiths of York, during the Seventeenth Century. The tankards were presented by Thomas Bawtry (Lord Mayor 1673). The gold loving cup, weighing twenty-five ounces, the gift of Marmaduke Rawdon, 1672, is also the work of Marmaduke Best. The large silver gilt cup, twenty-three inches high, including the cover, one of the gems of the collection, was presented in 1679 by John Turner, Recorder of York, 1661-1682: it is most dignified in design, and elaborately ornamented in detail, the foliage of acanthus leaves with which it is adorned is most gracefully wrought. On the marriage of the present Prince and Princess of Wales, then Duke and Duchess of York, a replica of the cup was presented by the citizens, the Lion of England being substituted on the cover for the lion couchant, which is the crest of the Turner family, and the shields of all the successive Dukes of York emblazoned on the bowl, *viz.*:-

- I.—Edmond, fifth son of Edward III, created Duke of York, which was erected into a Duchy in his person by Richard II, August 6th, 1385.
- II.—Edward, his son, killed at Agincourt, 1415, his body buried at Fotheringhay and removed to Westminster Abbey by Queen Elizabeth.
- III.—Richard, his nephew, killed at the battle of Wakefield, his head fixed on Michaelgate Bar "so York may overlook the town of York," his body buried at Fotheringhay and removed to Westminster Abbey by Queen Elizabeth.
- IV.—Edward IV, his son.
- V.—Richard, smothered in the Tower of London, second son of Edward IV, created Duke of York.
- VI.—Henry VIII, second son of Henry VII, created Duke of York.
- VII.—Charles I, second son of James I, created Duke of York.
- VIII.—James II, second son of Charles I, created Duke of York.

IX.—Ernest Augustus, brother of George I, created Duke of York.  
X.—Edward Augustus, brother of George III, created Duke of York.  
XI.—Frederick, second son of George III, created Duke of York.  
XII.—George (Prince of Wales), second son of Edward VII, created Duke of York.

Two punch bowls with movable rims, usually called "Monteiths," though identical in size and detail, are of different dates. One given 1699 by George Prickett, Recorder of York, 1683-1700, made by Seth Lofthouse, of London, the other presented by William Pickering, Alderman of York, 1722. Anthony Wood, 1683, mentions the origin of this particular form of bowl. "This year in the summer-time came up a vessel or bason notched at the brim to let drinking glasses hang there by the foot so that the body or drinking place might hang in the water to cool them. Such a bason was called a Monteith from a fantastical Scot called Monsieur Monteith who at that time wore the bottom of his cloak or coat so notched." Cripps, in his *Old English Plate*, thinks that the bowl so garnished was brought in empty. The glasses were then taken out, the bowl placed on the table, the rim removed, and the process of punch making, for which each gentleman fancied that he had an especial talent, commenced. Two other pieces of plate deserving special attention were given by Alderman John Carr in 1796, viz., a singularly gracefully shaped tea urn, ornamented with embossed acanthus leaves, and a handsome domed centre-piece with a figure of Justice therein, both beautiful specimens of the peculiar taste and fashion of the Eighteenth Century. Four salvers of various sizes are good specimens of the late Eighteenth Century plate. Their chief interest, however, is that, at

the backs of three of them, several articles of old plate are mentioned for which they were exchanged, and it is impossible to quell a regret that they had not been retained, and a misgiving that the municipal collection has suffered accordingly. An oval silver box, with the City Arms and an inscription boldly cut on the lid, deserves attention. It is called “a tobacco box,” most probably a snuff box, and, if so, specially interesting, for in the year 1664, when it was given by Richard Etherington, snuff was first introduced into England as a prophylactic against the plague; and in 1716, when the box was “renewed,” snuff had been adopted as an indispensable requisite for the after-dinner-table in all refined and cultured life, and remained so during my boyish days.





Stonegate. By E. Piper, R.P.E.





## CHAPTER X.

### STONEGATE.

LAURENCE STERNE.

THE adjacent street of Stonegate is no doubt one of the most ancient thoroughfares in the City. There is no evidence that it was one of the four principal streets in the Roman Castrum of Eboracum, though the fact that in 1811, when the premises in the possession of the York Insurance Company in Lendal were erected, the foundations of a gate were discovered, which may have been the remains of one of the four gates which opened into the four sides of the Roman Fortress, *viz.*, the Decuman, the Proetorian, the Porta Principalis Dextra, the Porta Principalis Sinistra. The name, however, Stonegate, or Stayne Gait, indicates that if it had not Anglo Saxon origin, it was used as a thoroughfare in Anglo Saxon times for the traffic of stones, no doubt for the building of the Anglo Saxon Church of St. Peter; but though of such ancient origin it is rarely mentioned in the

history of York, and is not associated with any of the events recorded as having taken place therein. A building called "Mulbury Hall in vico de Stayne-gate in Civit Ebor" is mentioned in the third year of Edward III as having belonged to the Prebend of North Newbald, and having been conveyed by Robert de Wykford, Canon and Prebendary thereof, to William de Hovyngham, Goldsmith of the City, and amongst the Charters of St. Mary's Abbey is one from Roger de Mulbrai, and from hence it is assumed that both these names are a contraction of Mowbray, and that this was the site of their residence in York, given over by them as a free gift to the Cathedral Church. And it is certainly not improbable, rather it seems certain that the family of Mowbray should have had a house within the walls of the City, for they are amongst the most conspicuous of early Mediaeval times, from the days when Robert, son of Nigel de Albini, who received from Henry I the Earldom of Northumberland, forfeited to William Rufus by Robert de Mowbray for high treason, stood as a lad on the carriage under the Standard with the confederate Nobles at the Battle of the Standard.

William de Mowbray was one of the Barons who, assembled at Runnymede, extorted the Magna Carta from the reluctant King John. Roger de Mowbray, the husband of Rose, sister to the Earl of Clare, was numbered amongst the Barons of Edward I. His son, John, was Governor of York during the reign of Edward II, but siding with Thomas of Lancaster, he was taken prisoner by the King at the Battle of Boroughbridge, and hanged in the City of York. John, his



Stonegate. By Herbert Railton.



eldest son, the companion of Edward III in his campaigning in Scotland and France, the husband of Joan, daughter of the Earl of Lancaster, died of the pestilence at York. Thomas, his grandson, the premier Earl Marshal of England in the time of Richard II, was by him created Duke of Norfolk. Rumour imported to him the gruesome charge of having actually participated in the execution of his father-in-law, the Earl of Arundel, and being a principal in the execrable murder of the King's uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. Being charged, however, by Henry, Duke of Hereford, with having spoken disloyally of the King, Henry IV, a challenge ensued. The lists were set up, but just as the Heralds sounded the charge, the King interposed, and banished the Duke of Hereford for ten years, the Duke of Norfolk for life. Thomas, his eldest son, who never acquired the title of Duke, was beheaded at York for complicity with Archbishop Scrope, and Anne, his grand-niece, having died childless, her intended husband, Richard, second son of Edward IV, being murdered by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the family came to an end, and the great inheritance was divided between the Howards and Berkeleys, descended from Margaret and Isabel, daughters of Thomas, first Duke of Norfolk.

In many places in the Minster the achievement of the Mowbrays, a lion rampant, appears on the shields which adorn the walls, and it is well that such an interesting historical race should not be forgotten, though of their residence within the City it may be said in the words of the Psalmist, "the place thereof shall know it no more."

But though Stonegate lapsed into obscurity for centuries, in the Eighteenth Century it suddenly became the very focus of national as well as local interest, through the strange fascination of Laurence Sterne. Was there ever such a character, so perplexing, so attractive, so interesting, so distasteful? He, of all mortals, seems to have acquired the power of being "all things to all men," and, therefore, identified himself with coteries which in various ways illustrate the particular tone and temper of the days in which he lived. We must look at them through our great-grand-father's spectacles, for, to the vision of the Twentieth Century they appear very un-edifying, even to the charity which hopeth all things.

Laurence Sterne was the grandson of Archbishop Sterne, who attended Laud on the scaffold, and of whom Baxter said, "None had so promising a face. He looked so modestly, and gravely, and so holy that I scarce thought such a face could deceive me." An expression which is well pourtrayed in the countenance of the effigy on his tomb in the Minster. His father, a poor impecunious Officer in Handasyd's Regiment, whose associates are pourtrayed in Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim, died from the result of a duel with Captain Philips about a goose, and "Richard Sterne became," says Laurence, "a father to me, and sent me to the University." There he took his degree at Jesus College, Cambridge, and was eventually ordained Deacon by Reynolds, Bishop of Lincoln, and Priest by Peploe, Bishop of Chester. Through the interest of his uncle, Jacques Sterne, he obtained the living of Sutton from Archbishop Blackburn, and also a Prebend in York



Laurence Sterne.



Minster worth £40 per annum, and a Minor Prebend worth £10, and he had a house in Stonegate, where he resided, and where indeed all those associated in the service of the Minster at that day seem to have dwelt.

In due course he succeeded to the Prebendal Stall of Stillington, with the Parish of Stillington attached, and in time to the living of Coxwold also, where he resided, having a Curate to attend to Sutton and Stillington. Though a Pluralist, his Parishioners were few in number. “Unless for the few sheep left me to take care of in this wilderness,” he wrote, “I might as well, nay, better be in Mecca,” but York was then a pleasant City to live in, with a theatre that had some reputation; families came for the season, and there were plenty of winter gaieties and balls at the Assembly Rooms, and the residents give us a very good idea of the social life in this Cathedral City in those days.

Jacques Sterne, uncle to Laurence, and named after his mother who was an heiress, daughter of Roger Jacques of Elvington, was perhaps the leading character. He was a great Pluralist, Canon Residentiary, Prebendary, Precentor of York Minster, Rector of Rise, Rector of Hornsea-cum-Riton, bye-and-bye Archdeacon of Cleveland, and eventually Archdeacon of the East Riding. He was an active politician, and a strong “No Popery man.” He had obtained the Prebend for his nephew, but they soon quarrelled, because as the latter says, “He was a party man, I was not.”

Dr. Topham, a protégé of Archbishop Herring, and an ever dissatisfied Pluralist, for there were Lay as well as Clerical Pluralists in those days, was Master of the

Faculties, Commissary to the Archbishop of York, Official to the Archdeacon of York, Official to the Archdeacon of the East Riding, Official to the Archdeacon of Cleveland, Official to the Peculiar Jurisdiction of Howdenshire, Official to the Precentor, Official to the Chancellor of the Church of York, Official to several of the Prebendaries. On the appointment of Dr. Hutton to the Archiepiscopacy he persuaded His Grace to give him another patent place, but eventually the Archbishop discovered that this was not in his gift, and endeavoured to conciliate Topham for his disappointment, but the Pluralist was exasperated, and threatened legal proceedings, and matters were not mended by a caustic satire from the pen of Sterne of an old watch coat, which Trim, as he termed him, had taken home, to make into a petticoat for his wife, and a warm jerkin for himself.

Another individual in this Stonegate coterie was Dr. Burton, not only M.D., but F.R.S. and F.S.A., a man of wonderful proficiency as an Accoucheur, as well as an Antiquary of much learning and research. He had published a book on the former subject garnished with appalling plates, as well as invented several novelties in the instruments required for his calling, and as regards the latter, he was the author of the famous *Monasticon Anglicanum*, which is still regarded as an authority in Archæological matters. He seems, however, to have been a very unsightly individual, with a gross head and face disproportioned to his shapeless body, a really comic figure, which Romney, then a youth, and pupil of Steele an indifferent local portrait painter, has

very graphically pourtrayed. He was for this reason rather an object of derision, and obtained from Sterne the soubriquet of Dr. Slop, by which he was generally known. He was also a Roman Catholic, which at that time especially was regarded with aversion, and was suspected of being secretly a Jacobite, which eventually entailed great trouble upon him, for during “the 45” a subscription was set on foot for defence purposes, to which Mr. Sterne gave £10, and his Uncle £50, and news having come that the Highlanders were on the road to York, there was much alarm. Dr. Burton having asked leave to go out of the City, and secure some money of his own, suspicion was excited, and being brought before the Recorder, he made a blustering speech in such a hurry, with hasty fury, that he could not utter his words, and he was committed to the Castle. Many violent and irregular proceedings followed, and the luckless Doctor was sent to London, kept in prison for a year, and at last discharged much suffering in person and pocket.

A more agreeable episode is that of Miss Elizabeth Lumley, whose father was Rector of Bedal, who, coming to York on a Visit attracted the notice of Sterne, who courted her for two years. At the end of that time, according to his simple account, “She fell into a consumption, and one evening that I was sitting by her with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, “My dear Lawry, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live, but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.” “Upon that she showed me her Will. This generosity overpowered me. It

pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741."

The union seems to have been a very happy one, though in consequence of the erratic propensities of Sterne rather unsettled, but Miss Lydia Sterne, the only child, grew up to be a young lady of unusual attractions, with a certain piquancy reflected from her father, heightened too by her French education. The father of Mr. Waterton, the pleasant traveller and naturalist, used to tell his son how he had been introduced to Miss Lydia Sterne at the great York Balls in Lord Burlington's Assembly Rooms, and had often stood up with her for a Minuet. After her father's death the Yorkshire people raised a fund of £800 for her mother and herself, with which they set off to France, and settled at Angoulême, where Mrs. Sterne died, and Lydia, having married a young Frenchman, perished, it is believed, with him, in the Revolution.

Dr. Osbaldeston was the Dean of York at the time when Sterne first came there, and filled the Office from 1725 to 1747. He was a son of Sir Richard Osbaldeston of Hunmanby, and educated at Beverley, and was one of the early tutors of George III. In 1747 he was made Bishop of Carlisle, and in 1762 Bishop of London. He seems to have been a kind friend to Sterne, who dedicated to him a sermon which he preached in 1747, but there is no special record of him, except his refusal to allow any Statues to be erected in St. Paul's, as contrary to the wish of Sir Christopher Wren.

He was succeeded by Dr. Fountayne, whom Sterne loyally supported in an attack made upon him by the

irrepressible Topham for the Office of "Commissary of Pickering and Pocklington." The Dean having repudiated any promise to that effect, an unpleasant altercation took place at the "Sessions Dinner." The Cathedral was divided, charges of want of faith were exchanged, and pamphlets issued. A compromise was, however, effected by the appointment of Dr. Braithwaite to the Office in dispute, and of Topham to the Commissarinesship of the Dean of York, and of the Dean and Chapter of York. The Cathedral in those days seems to have abounded with these curious little Offices.

The Archbishops of this period seem to have been, Lancelot Blackburne, translated from Exeter to York, 1724, about whom a lingering tradition still exists, that he ran away from King's College, Cambridge, with his tutor's violin, played his way to London, and went to sea, and became a buccaneer, and a figure playing a fiddle, in the Crypt is said to illustrate this episode in his early life. The fact, however, is that he was never at Cambridge, but Christ Church, Oxford, where he was a first-rate scholar, that he became Archdeacon, Dean and Bishop of Exeter, and that the figure in question is a rough portrait of Dr. Camidge, Organist of the Minster, made by one of the Minster Masons at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The Archbishop did, however, in early life, go on a Mission to South America, and being a man of travel, with probably more enlightened views on many subjects than Bishops of that date, these strange conclusions were formed concerning him. Perhaps he played the violin, and that in those days was regarded with suspicion, for

Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters to his son," while he recommends him to patronize music, cautions him not to have anything to do with fiddlers.

He seems to have been a man of keen wit, for when Queen Caroline asked him concerning the learned Joseph Butler, then in the secluded country Rectory of Stanhope, "Is he dead?" "No Madam," he answered, "but he is buried."

He was succeeded by Thomas Herring, Dean of Rochester, Bishop of Bangor, appointed in 1743. He was a thorough Whig, and took a prominent part in the North against Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Indeed he raised a sum of £40,000 from the Yorkshire people to help the Government in that contingency.

In 1747 he was translated to Canterbury, where he died in 1757, after many months of ill health.

Matthew Hutton, descendant of Archbishop Matthew Hutton, 1529-1906, succeeded him. Born at Marske, he followed Herring at Bangor, York and Canterbury, and died in the year of his appointment there in 1757.

John Gilbert succeeded him in 1757, but only held the Office during four years of continued bad health. Horace Walpole dismisses him with this curt and sneering notice. "Neither a scholar nor a theologian, a compound of that common mixture, of ignorance, incapacity, and arrogance." Dixon says, "He altered the windows in the large dining-room at Bishopthorpe, laid the floor in the hall with Roche Abbey stone and black marble, repaired the staircase in the hall, ornamented the walls and ceiling like the old drawing-room above stairs, and in the place where the pigeon

house formerly stood he built a wash-house, and over it a laundry. He gave also the Archbishop's Stall to the Chapel, with a clumsy canopy supported by two pillars, which, when the curtains were drawn had the appearance of a four-post bed."

The Honourable Robert Hay Drummond succeeded him from Salisbury, whither he had been translated from St. Asaph. "A man of parts and of the world, a dignified and accomplished Prelate," says Horace Walpole. He preached the sermon at the Coronation of George III, and at the Privy Council defended Johnson, Bishop of Gloucester, who was charged with having drunk the Pretender's health. He was devoted to building, and did not spare expense. He pulled down the old Church at Bishopthorpe, and entirely transformed the Palace, pulling down the old Early English front, building the drawing-room and audience room, as well as the gateway, partly with stone from Cawood. He died in 1776, and the reputation which he has left behind is that of a very hospitable, genial and generous man.

With all these Bishops, Sterne seems to have kept on good terms, in spite of all his eccentricities and irregularities, and no doubt he was the popular preacher at the Minster.

In Stonegate also was the shop of "Mr. John Huxham, successor to the late Mr. Hilyard" who had the temerity to publish the first edition of "Tristram Shandy," which had been refused by Dodsley of Pall Mall, though Sterne had offered it to him for £50. But he declined the work of an "obscure Yorkshire

Prebendary," considering "that £50 was too much to risk upon a single volume which, if it happened not to sell would be very hard upon his brother."

If such was the society in and around the Minster, we may gather a specimen of the tone, only too prevalent in those days, from Skelton Castle, which, towering above the moorland scenery of Cleveland, was originally granted with other Lordships to Robert de Brus by William the Conqueror, in recognition of his services at the Battle of Hastings. Adam, fourth Lord of Skelton, had dowered his daughter, Isabel, with the Manor of Leconfield on her marriage with Henry de Percy, on condition that he and his heirs should repair to Skelton Castle every Christmas Day, and lead the Lady of the Castle from her chamber to the Chapel to Mass, and thence to her chamber again, and after dining with her depart.

Peter, his successor, having died without issue, *temp.* Edward I, his four sisters became co-heiresses, and Skelton Castle being the portion of Agnes, passed, by her marriage, to Walter de Fauconburg, and subsequently to the Nevills and Conyers; but John, Baron Conyers, having died without issue, the property was divided between his three daughters, who it is said quarrelled, and "every one for despite ruined that part of the Castle whereof she was in possession," and so it was a dismantled and dilapidated fragment when it was acquired by John Hall Stevenson, a College friend and contemporary of Laurence Sterne. That early friendship was at least unfortunate, for he was a man of the loose moral and religious views then fashionable, and one of the unholy brotherhood termed "the Twelve Monks of Medmenham" Abbey in Bucks,

but the old building and clever Society gathered there "Crazy Castle" had an attraction, and much of his "Tristram Shandy," in which Stevenson figures as Eugenius, was written there. A brilliant, wild coterie they seem to have been. The Rev. Robert Lascelles, one of the Harewood family, a sort of joker in Holy Orders. A Cervantic Priest, termed Panty, an abbreviation of Pantagruel, one of Rabelais' heroes. Zachary Moore, who dissipated a great fortune under these unhappy influences. William Hewitt, mentioned in Smollet's "Peregrine Pickle" as a "sensible old gentleman, but much of a humorist." Pringle, familiarly termed Don Pringello. Great Scroope, or the Cardinal, as he was called, a member of that Yorkshire family. Colonel Hall and Colonel Lee, habitués of Harrogate. Not very edifying company for the Vicar of Sutton, but though "hale fellow well met" with them, he was equally recognized and appreciated by the villagers, amongst whom he lived and worked. He never could enter a village but he caught the attention of both old and young. "Labour stood still as he passed, the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well, the spinning wheel forgot its round, even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he was out of sight. Spare in habit himself, his horse was equally so, for it was always at the service of every piteous application for assistance to procure medical help." (Fitzgerald 34). And his social and parochial life, according to the expectations of those times, seemed to have been warmed with genial kindness and friendship with all. But it was not likely that a man of such striking and varied capacities should remain isolated in the North, and he

naturally gravitated to the attractions of the intellectual society and social enjoyments of the South, and alike in what he obtained, and his manner of obtaining it, there is the same strange diversity, yet unity of character. His appeal to the cultured and literary tastes were by two publications issued contemporaneously and often together, but very dissimilar, and often-times almost contradictory.

“Tristram Shandy,” *i.e.*, “the cracked brained,” a Yorkshire local word, which recorded the wanderings and utterances of an individual, and of various characters, not only imaginary, but often representations or caricatures of old friends, caught the attention, and satisfied the popular taste for ten years, during which an annual issue of some two volumes was regularly produced, the style sometimes caustic, and the details sometimes broad but piquant, and appropriate to the not very refined taste of the day.

The characteristic portraits evidently drawn from life, are wonderfully graphic. Uncle Toby, with his laconic utterances, and Corporal Trim, with his deferential attentions to his superior officer, seem living personalities from the old world canvas. The episode of the Widow Wadman, an amusing reproduction of the match-making of those days, while for delicacy of word painting and genuine pathos there is nothing which can eclipse the story of Lefevre.

“The sermons,” on the other hand, which he issued at the same time under the soubriquet of the Rev. W. Yorick, are genuine specimens of pulpit eloquence, interesting in substance and grave in tone, not unlike the published sermons of the late Mr. Spurgeon.

Such a curious fellowship must have been a little bewildering to the good people of those days, as evidenced by Lady Cowper's letter to Mr. Delaney, "Pray read Yorick's sermons though you would not read 'Tristram Shandy'; I like them exceedingly, and I think he must be a good man."

Such varied powers of genius naturally drew him to London, and there as in the North he was strangely appreciated by very different classes of people. The great Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, cordially appreciated him, and says, "I pride myself in having warmly recommended 'Tristram Shandy' to all the best company in the Town," and was not disturbed by Sterne's reply to some kind advice which he had ventured to give him on the levity of his productions. "Laugh I will, my Lord, and that as loud as I can." Garrick was amongst the first to take him by the hand, and discover the merits of "Tristram," and became his warm and steady friend, pronouncing as all but sublime that touching episode where Corporal Trim by his description of Lefevre's distressing condition kindles and works up the interest of Uncle Toby to a climax. "Ah well a day! Do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." "He shall not die, by God," cried my Uncle Toby. "The *accusing spirit* which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever." There is an exquisite pathos in this, which testifies not only to the skilful hand, but the warm heart and faith of

the writer, and, if nothing else, should rescue his character from the aspersions made upon it.

Lord Bellasye, Lord Fauconburg, Sir Bryan Stapleton, and other Yorkshire friends, doubtless, introduced him to the "Duke of York's people." The wild Lord March, afterwards the notorious "Old Q," "Lord Granby & Co.," Fish Crawford and others, the leaders of London's brilliant but dissolute Society, whose gatherings were enlivened by his wit, if his integrity was not marred by their profanity. But, in due time, his place was vacant at a festive dinner party in Clifford Street, and the footman was sent to Sterne's lodgings in New Bond Street to remind him, but the great humorist was in bed, and as the messenger stood waiting for his answer at the bed side, his wasted arm was raised as if to ward off something, and with the almost inaudible murmur, "Now it is come," the frame relaxed in death.

It is hard to admire, hard to condemn such a character. It is one of those human paradoxes which can never be unravelled on this side of the grave, and perhaps for weal and for woe the words of Revelation apply to this and many a life like this: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."



*The Shambles.*

*Of all narrow Old World Streets, with overhanging Gables, this is one of the most characteristic. The reforming zeal of municipalities has left it unchanged and the earnest hope of artist and antiquary is that it may long continue so.*









## CHAPTER XI.

### ST. HELEN'S SQUARE AND OLD COACHING DAYS.

**T**IT would be impossible to relate the historical incidents connected with every street in this City, but the junction between Stonegate and Coney Street, now called St. Helen's Square, must not be passed over. It was formerly, as I have already stated, the Churchyard of St. Helen's Church, one of the four founded in York to her memory, of which the edifice of this exists, but the names only of the others. One of which stood near Fishergate. Another on the wall by Monk Bar, and the fourth on the road to Dringhouses. There was, however, a Chapel and Well dedicated to the same Saint on the Watling Street or great Roman road, where it crossed the river by a ford near Tadcaster, and therefore at the threshold of the approach to Eboracum. And this evidences the conviction of those early times, at least in these Northern parts, that Helena was the daughter of Gallins or Colins or Coel, one of our island Kings,

who was married to Constantius when he was legate in Britain under the Emperor Aurelian, and who thus became the mother of Constantine, which repudiates the imputation of Milton that she was a woman of low birth and character, and of those modern archæologists who have given her a similar origin in Italy. The tradition is that she was converted by her son Constantine and held in such high estimation by him that she was accorded the title of Augusta when he became Emperor. Eusebius says, that at eighty years of age she undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and Ambrose tells us that she there discovered the Cross on which our Lord was crucified, and brought two of the nails, one of which she placed in her son's crown and the other made the bit of his bridle. Such traditions were at least held in high estimation in Mediæval days, and we can therefore understand how honoured her memory would be in the City of York, but it had evidently waned if not vanished when the burial-ground of St. Helen's Church was made into a public thoroughfare, and its subsequent use as the rallying place for all the coaches plying to and through the city has entirely effaced any recognition of the Saint but her name, and associated it with that wonderful development of coaching and posting which made York in the Eighteenth Century the very focus of all the travelling activity of the North.

In 1662 the first Turnpike Act had been passed, and in 1678 the first coach was running between York and Hull. Ralph Thoresby scorns the "effeminacy of this way of travelling" as compared with riding on horseback;



"A stiffish hitch but a Good Team." By H. Alken.



"Scene on the Down Road." By H. Alken.



nevertheless, the progress thereof was rapid. In 1603 there was a coach to London which occupied seven days; in 1697 the journey was done in five; in 1706 the York four-days' stage coach undertook to perform the whole journey in four days, "if God permit." In 1754 a coach, with springs, took passengers from London to Edinburgh in ten days; in 1780 the coaches were employed to carry the mails, and then "Macadam" having instituted a superior and more durable system of road making, the speed was soon accelerated to ten miles an hour, and the success assured.

The "Edinburgh Mail," established 1786, eventually accomplished the entire journey from London in forty-two hours and twenty-three minutes, and from York to London in twenty hours fifty-four minutes, and continued to do so until 1842, when it was escorted on its last journey into York by Lord Wenlock and Sir John Lister-Kaye on their own drags, with a huge black flag flying from the roof.

In York, the traffic must have been incessant, and the unceasing passage of coaches, carriages, and lumbering wagons through the narrow streets bewildering, though exciting. The chief quarters were the York Tavern (now Harkers), where eventually one hundred and fifty horses were maintained for posting; the Black Swan, which provided one hundred and thirty; Ettridge's Hotel, at the corner of Blake Street, which was simply a "posting house," with stables for forty-one horses; the White Horse, in Coppergate; the White Swan in the Pavement; the Old Sand Hill, Colliergate; the Elephant and Castle, Skeldergate; the Robin Hood, Castlegate;

the Pack Horse, Micklegate, were other centres from which the coaches departed or arrived from every direction, and the stream of post-chaises must have been incessant. From the Black Swan and George alone, six coaches *per diem* departed or arrived, and from the remaining hotels the number must have been increased to over one hundred. What a bustling city must the York of the last century have been! So full of animation and activity, yet, withal, so dignified and comfortable with its substantial houses, pleasant lawns sloping down to the river, whereof only a few summer-houses, in which “My Uncle Toby” and similar *bon vivants* smoked their long clay pipes, still remain, and fruitful walled gardens filling up the intervening spaces, now covered with houses. Several maps of this period are still extant, in which all this is clearly indicated, and pleasant visions arise of the substantial, dignified and opulent appearance of the city at that time.

A cousin of mine, one of the last of the genuine “Four-in-hand” drivers of the past, a recognized “whip,” and always welcome to take the ribbons, whenever he appeared on the box seat of a coach has thus described in his book “Down the Road,” the Stage Coach of Old, and the load it used to carry.

“The traveller of the present day has no idea of what a coach load of former days was; he could have no idea of what a coach was doomed to carry, unless he had been there to see. In the first place, there were four inside and twelve out, exclusive of the coachman and guard. The fore-boot was full of small parcels, and the hind-boot was the same; the roof of the coach was piled

up as high as it could be to allow of its passing under the archway of the inn; and boxes and carpet-bags, gun-cases, hampers, and every description of luggage for the sixteen people who were inside and out, were heaped up and hanging over the sides of the roof, which was all covered down with a tarpaulin, and securely strapped down with a broad leather strap. It was wonderful to behold, and wonderful to imagine how it could all be stowed away."

"On the very lamp-irons you would often see game baskets hung, and hares and pheasants dangling down. Under the coach there was often swung a 'cradle,' into which various things which could go nowhere else were put in; in fact, the whole packing of a heavy load was marvellous and what none but a guard of the olden times dare attempt. In spite of all this heavy loading there was seldom a breakdown, and really not often an accident of any kind; and on the opposition coach this was a wonder, for the pace that on some occasions was kept up was 'no joke,' such galloping was there one against another, such 'corner-creeping,' and such machinations to be first. Many times have I seen a coach pulled up and changed, and off again, without the coachman ever getting off his box; the horse-keeper, or one of them (for there were generally two or three) throwing a rein over the whip as he drew them through the terrets, and the coachman catching hold of them by lifting his whip up to his hand. There was no time for going into the bar and getting a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of ale on these fast occasions. The barmaid would sometimes have the useful articles on a tray and hand them up to a hungry passenger but there

was no getting down. There was no time to talk to and chaff with the pretty barmaid in the bar ; the change used to be effected in an incredibly short space of time, and you had just time to swallow your glass of ale. This was about all the time that you had, and with a 'right,' from the guard you were off again at once, and had to eat your bread and cheese as you went along. 'Now Jack,' or 'Will,' or whatever the guard's name was, the coachman would say (if it was night or early morning, and the lamps were lit) 'Blest if I did not see their lamps, and they are coming along I promise you ; just put something over your boot-lamp, and I'll spring them a bit when we get round the turn.' It may seem odd in these days to talk of a lamp to the hind-boot, but on fast coaches it was a wonderfully handy thing for a guard, who had often to get small parcels out of the hind-boot ; but it was a regular 'tell-tale to the coach behind you, if the coachman caught a glimpse of his adversary's hind-boot lamp. Such were some of the dodges used in days gone by to keep first. There was a good deal of excitement in this sort of thing, and I suspect a little danger also. A coach with a full load and particularly an 'opposition coach,' required some care and skill to keep it right end upwards ; and I have often wondered that there were not more accidents, for at times, in galloping with a top-heavy load, they would swing a bit in spite of all you could do to keep them steady. There were, however, as I said before, wonderfully few accidents ; and I am happy to say that in the many hundreds of miles I have travelled by them and driven them, I never saw a coach turned over."

Charles Dickens, that immortal "word-painter," has



"A cheery look out." By H. Alken.



"Sunrise." By H. Alken.



given us a delightful sketch of a journey by coach in "Martin Chuzzlewit." "It was a charming evening, mild and bright. And even with the weight upon his mind which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brasswork on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins, to the handle of the hind-boot, was one great instrument of music."

Yoho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep (for it is evening) on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho! past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho! among the gathering shades. Yoho! down the pebbly dip,

and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. *Yoho! Yoho!*"

"*Yoho!* among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through the lights and darkness all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. *Yoho!* beside the village green where cricket players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where topers congregate about the door admiring; and the last team with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, into the wold. *Yoho!*"

"*Yoho!* behind there, stop that bugle for a moment! Come creeping over to the front, along the coach-roof, guard, and make one at this basket.' Not that we slacken in our pace the while, not we; we rather put the bits of blood upon their mettle, for the greater glory of the snack. *Ah!*"

"*Now, take your breath, and try the bugle, Bill.* There's music! There's a tone! 'Over the hills and far away,' indeed. *Yoho!* the skittish mare is all alive to-night. *Yoho! Yoho!*"

"See the bright moon! High up before we know it; making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like

water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him*; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro, before its glass, like some fantastic dowager, while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho! Yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-Hunter. Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which (in our eyes of modest admiration) gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before; as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! Why now we travel like the Moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapour; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the Moon. Yoho! Yoho!"

"The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces and squares; past wagons, coaches, and carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober

carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve. Yoho! down countless turnings, and through mazy ways, until an old Inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch (getting down quite stunned and giddy), is in London."

And if so in prose, so also in poetry, *i.e.* if you can call poetry the plaintive strain in which my old cousin (finding old age creeping on him) ejaculated:—

Alas! Alas! where is it gone,  
That coach with its four bright bays?  
Alas, alas, where is it gone,  
That spicy team of greys?

Where is the coach, where is the mail?  
The coachman, where is he?  
Where is the guard that used to blow  
His horn so cheerily?

Where is the guard that used to wake  
The still of early morn,  
And rouse the sleepy toll-bar man,  
With the sound of the "old mail horn?"

Alas! alas! where are they gone,  
The coach and the bays and greys?  
Alas, alas, where is it gone,  
That "light of other days"?

The sun has set that once shone out  
So bright upon those teams;  
The night has come, and all that's past  
Seems but as fleeting dreams.

No more the sleepy toll-bar man  
Is roused at early morn,  
And turns reluctant out of bed  
With a curse on that long tin horn.

No more in his night-shirt (as of old),  
 And his nightcap on his pate,  
 Does he hurry across the frozen road  
 To open the turnpike gate.

No more (as he's just turned into bed,  
 And has just got warm again),  
 Is he doomed to attend to his toll-bar gate,  
 And battle with snow and rain.

He snoozes all night till broad daylight ;  
 His slumbers (at early dawn)  
 Are not disturbed by the old mail coach,  
 Nor the sound of the "old mail horn."

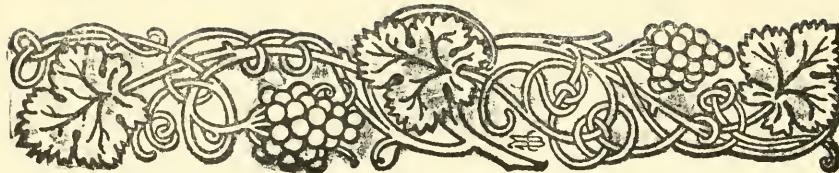
The mail, the horn, the coachman, guard,  
 Are nowhere to be found ;  
 The four bright bays (that used to trot  
 With that "quadrupedante" sound),

Are dead and gone, the gate is gone ;  
 All now is still around ;  
 For the coachman and guard and the four bright bays  
 Lie four foot under the ground.

Alas ! for the days that are past and gone,  
 For those palmy days of old,  
 Alas ! for the joyous hearts that then  
 Beat warm, but now are cold ;

Are cold and silent in the grave,  
 With all their jovial sounds ;  
 The coachman and guards and their teams are gone  
 To the happy hunting grounds.





## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MUSEUM GARDENS AND ST. LEONARD'S HOSPITAL.

**B**UT, after all, in "Picturesque old York" there is nothing more picturesque than the Museum Gardens with the grassy slope crowned with three such venerable and interesting ruins. It is very pleasant when the setting sun is shedding its radiance on tree and lawn to walk under the shelter from the East wind of these noble survivals of days gone by, and meditate awhile on what they are and what they represent. I doubt if a more striking and interesting group is to be found anywhere, more suggestive of the power and skill and taste of the past, of epochs in English History, and of the memories of those who in their generation served God according to their opportunities; which still exercise an influence on the life and thought of the days which are ours.

How strong and stately the "Multangular Tower" stands, the last surviving bastion of an impregnable fortress, which an unconquered and unconquerable race reared in a once desolate and almost impenetrable region,

and bade defiance to any assaults which Briton or Saxon or Dane might attempt against it. No mean and superficial work there, each stone accurately fore squared, and carefully laid in its appointed bed, and bonded with mortar so cunningly tempered that it would hold them in an impenetrable grasp. They seem to speak to us of a purpose which nothing could quench, and a determination which nothing could daunt; of a wisdom which above mere self-confidence was resolved to be ready for whatever another day might bring forth. The Roman armies might, we should have thought, laugh to scorn the unkempt hordes of Bernicia, but the policy of those days was to be prepared for every contingency, and find their security in the best and strongest which their own skill and means could provide. How little we know, how much we should like to know of these strong, brave, sagacious men. Perhaps their ashes still rest in some of the ponderous stone sarcophagi around. Perhaps their names are still recorded on some of the stones in the Museum below, but if they have perished or remain unrecorded, still stands their work as a token to after generations if not a memorial to themselves of the stability and beauty of true and thorough work. But if these stones are otherwise silent there are others around them which remind us of persons and things recorded in the Chronicles of days gone by, even though their names may be strange to us, and their work ruined, mutilated or effaced. They illustrate, it may be crude, it may be mistaken, but nevertheless genuine efforts to tend the wants and ameliorate the condition of humanity, to supply its needs, to alleviate its sufferings, to raise its aspirations

to something higher and more lasting than things of the earth earthy.

The Multangular Tower represents the iron hand which would keep humanity down, the adjacent ruins, the loving hand which would lift humanity up, and soothe and help those who however lowly in this world are pilgrims to another and a better. We are prone to criticise their work and impugn their motives. Let us take heed, for we are shortcoming ourselves.

And the ruins of St. Leonard's Hospital are a touching exponent of this, for though the remains seem scanty, but a tiny cloister, with tokens of a Chapel overhead, and small Oratory behind, yet they are only surviving portions of a vast extent of buildings now effaced by the streets and houses around.

When the Theatre was repaired some years ago the necessary excavations brought to light most interesting traces of walls and arches which shewed that the buildings had extended even thus far, and perhaps further, for as Drake remarks: "The Hospital of St. Leonard was one of the antientest, as well as the noblest foundations of that kind in Britain." Every Monastery indeed had its "Infirmary" for sick, aged, blind, convalescents or feeble, but eventually separate buildings had been erected for the purpose, and special revenues provided.

Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1080, had founded two in that City, one for Leprosy, the other for general sickness. In London, Rahere, a Minstrel, in 1102 founded for this purpose the Priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield. Richard Prior of Bermondsey established a similar building in 1213, and Simon Fitz-Mary erected the Hospital of Beth-

lehem, 1247. Bridewell and Christ's Hospital completed the five famous London Hospitals which by Edward VI, at the Reformation, were relegated to similar beneficent purposes, and not confiscated to supply the insatiable greed of sycophants like so many similar Institutions ; and amongst these the Hospital of St. Leonard, York, held a high and honoured place.

Athelstan on his arrival at York, 936, after his victory over the Scotch at Dunbar, endowed, as a thank-offering, the pious work of the Coledei at the Minster, in relieving the sick and suffering, with one thrave of corn out of every carucate of land in the Bishopric of York, and a piece of waste ground, on which they built a hospital. William Rufus built a little Church thereon and dedicated it to St. Peter. Henry I enlarged the piece of ground to the Ouse, and King Stephen rebuilt the hospital in a more magnificent manner, and dedicated it to St. Leonard ; Henry II, and John confirmed the privileges and possessions which Henry VI sanctioned by a special Act of Parliament, so that it had a long and beneficent existence of more than five hundred years.

There is no record of the number of patients relieved, but at the Reformation the following was the Staff then attending to them. A master, thirteen brethren, four secular priests, eight sisters, thirty-one choristers, two schoolmasters, twenty-six beadlemen, six servitors, and when it was surrendered by Thomas Magnus, the Master, and the whole Brotherhood to Richard Layton and Thomas Leigh, two clerks of the King's Chancery in the 31st year of Henry VIII, the whole possession, besides the large

tribute of corn, amounted to nearly one hundred separate plots of land.

Only two Members of the Staff are mentioned. William the Physician, son of Martyn of York, and Michael, Chaplain of the Hospital. The names of the others are, we hope, written in the Book of Life.

Doubtless their pharmacopoeia was very simple, chiefly, if not entirely, the herbs gathered from the forests around, rue, rosemary, hellebore, crowfoot, mandrake, mistletoe, and, of course, the "Planta benedicta," illustrated at the Minster; and their treatment would be a strange mixture of skill, astrology, and religion, for even as late as the Sixteenth Century, Bishop Binsfield of Treves wrote "Physicians may say what they like, but we who believe the Gospel think most diseases are due to devils." Yet there were men of Science amongst them; Gilbert Angelicus, John of Ardern, and John of Gaddesden, whose Black-Letter Book in the Minster Library testifies how he cured the son of Edward II of small-pox by wrapping him in scarlet cloth; also Coursus de Gangeland who received a pension of 6d. per diem for life in 1345 for attending Edward III, while lying sick in Scotland. The long and tranquil existence of this great Hospital was only ruffled by one historical event, when Lord Montacute and Archbishop George Nevill, anxious to help their brother, the Earl of Warwick, stirred up the populace with the imputation that the contribution of corn was only used to enrich the Master and Priests, so that some 15,000 assembled at York determined to be revenged, and were speedily discomfited,

numbers being killed, and their leader, Robert Holdern, beheaded at one of the City Gates. But the ultimate fate of this great building was not as fortunate as its fellows in London. Henry VIII granted it to Sir Arthur Darcy and Sir Thomas Clifford. For a season it was used as the Archbishop's Mint, then bought by Lord Savile, then sold to the Mayor and Corporation for a Market, and eventually sub-divided amongst many proprietors, and for many purposes as we see it now.

There is, indeed, much archæological interest and touching pathos in the remnant which remains. Save for that, the words of the Psalmist might reluctantly be applied to it, "The place thereof shall know it no more."

The name Barber may seem to us to imply a servile occupation, but it was by no means so considered in the Religious Houses. Literally interpreted it means one who attends to the beard, but the hair on the face entailed a very subordinate part of their duty. The old song speaks of the Priest as "shaven and shorn," but I cannot find that that was literally practised in all celibate bodies, and the Barber's duty in this respect rather would be to see that the beard was carefully polled according to the rules of each individual House, but the tonsure which was their special charge was a matter affecting the head, and from the earliest times was considered as the first step to taking Holy Orders, or embracing the Monastic life. It was solemnly performed by the Bishop in the case of Clergy admitted to Holy Orders, and by the Abbot in case of a Monk entering a Monastery.

It consisted in the shaving of some part of the crown

of the head, and keeping it constantly bald. The Council of Toledo had ordered, that "*Omnes Clerici detonso superius capite toto, inferius solam circuli coronam relinquant*," *i.e.* "All Clergy having the upper part of their heads closely shaven should leave only a circular crown of hair round the lower part;" but "the use" in this differed from time to time. There was the Roman tonsure as above, said to be like the golden crown which is placed on the head of Kings, or according to Boniface of Canterbury, 1261, the crown of thorns set on the Saviour's head. There was the Eastern or Greek tonsure, styled St. Paul's, which entailed the removal of all the hair. There was the Celtic tonsure, known as St. John's, in use in the Celtic Church of Great Britain and Ireland, which consisted in shaving all the hair in front of a line drawn over the top of the head from ear to ear. And this question formed the subject of most frequent and violent controversies in England during the Seventh and Eighth Centuries. Other varieties obtained in different places, but, in whatever form, the tonsure was the outward and visible sign of the "religious" life. In travelling it would be reverently covered with a coif or close fitting cap, such as worn by the figure of Archbishop Matthew in the Ladye Chapel.

When "perukes" of false hair were introduced in the Sixteenth Century, they were always so arranged, in the case of Ecclesiastics, as not to cover the tonsure. And when "the full bottomed wigs" became the fashion in the days of Charles II, a circular opening was always left on the crown of the head, which whenever the Judge pronounces sentence of death he always covers with a square

piece of black cloth, called "the black cap," which represents the coif.

It would be, therefore, no trifling matter for each member of a large religious community to be kept accurately trimmed according to the fashion which the House had adopted, and this duty was relegated to the Lay Brothers. Abbot Gasquet has graphically described the periodical ceremony of shaving. "The Brother who undertook the office of Barber kept his implements — razors, strop, soap, in a small movable chest which usually stood near the dormitory door. When the time of the general 'rasura' came, the community sat silently in two lines, one sat along the cloister wall, the other facing them with their backs to the windows. The general shaving was made a religious act, like almost every other incident of cloister life, by the recitation of Psalms. The Brothers who shaved the others, and those who carried the dishes and razors were directed to say the Benedicite together before beginning their work. All the rest as they sat there during the ceremony, except of course the individual actually being operated upon, said the "Verba Mea," and other Psalms. The sick and those who had leave were shaved apart from the rest in a warmer calefactory. It would seem that the usual interval between the times of shaving the Monks' tonsures was about three weeks, but there was always a special shaving on the eve of all great Festivals."

The general practice of periodical blood-letting regarded according to Mediæval knowledge as so salutary, was also relegated to the barbers, for it had been decreed by

Alexander III at the Council of Tours, 1163, that it was "*contra religionem*" for a professed religious to shed blood. This, Abbot Gasquet tells us, was performed, or might be performed on all, four times a year, if possible, February, April, September, and October. It was not to take place in the time of harvest, in Advent, or Lent, or on the three days following the Feasts of Christmas, Easter, or Pentecost. The Community were operated upon in batches of from two to six at a time, and the special day was arranged for them by the Superior in Chapter, who would announce at the proper time "those who sat at this or that table were to be bled." In settling the turns, consideration had, of course, to be paid to the needs of the Community. The weekly Server, for example, and the Reader, and the Hebdomadarian of the Community Mass were not to be operated upon during the period of their service, and when a Feast Day was to be kept within four days of the blood-letting, only those were to be practised on who could be spared from the singing and serving at the necessary Ecclesiastic functions of the Feast. From first to last the operation of blood-letting occupied four days, and the process was simple.

At the time appointed the Infirmary had a fire lighted in the calefactory, if it were needed, and thither between Tierce and Sext, if the day was not a Fast, or between Sext and None if it were, the operator and his victims repaired. If the latter desired to fortify themselves against the lancet they might proceed beforehand to the refectory and take something to eat and drink. During the time of healing after the styptic had been

applied, and the bandages fastened, the discipline of the Cloister was somewhat mitigated. The patient, for instance, could always spend the hours of work and reading in repose, either lying on his bed or sitting in the Chapter Room or Cloister as he felt disposed. Till his return to full Choir work he was not bound to do any duty. If he were an Obedientiary or Official he was to get some one to see to his necessary duties for him during the time of his convalescence. If he liked to go to "The Hours" in Choir he was to sit; he was never to bend down or do penance of any kind for fear of displacing the bandages, and he was to go out of the Church before the others for fear of having his arm rubbed if he were to walk in the ranks. During the three days of his convalescence he said his Compline at night in the Chapter Room or elsewhere, and then went straight to bed before the Community. Though he had still to rise for Matins with the others, after a brief visit to the Church, he was allowed to betake himself to the Infirmary, and there to say a much shorter form of the Divine Office with the Infirmarian or others. When this was done he was to return at once to bed. In the refectory the Monk who had been bled received the same food as the rest, with the addition of a half-pound of white bread, and an extra portion, if possible, of eggs.

On the second and third day this was increased in amount, and other strengthening food was given him. In some places these meals were served in the Infirmary after the blood-letting, and it was directed that the Infirmary servant should on the first day after the

bleeding get ready for the patients sage and parsley, washed in salt and water, and a dish of soft eggs. Those who found it necessary to be cupped or scarified more frequently, adds one set of regulations, had to get leave, but were not to expect to stay away from regular duties on that account ; and Jocelin of Brakelond in his delightful account of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds in the days of King Richard I, speaks of the blood-letting season as the time at which Monks are wont to reveal to each other the secrets of the heart, and to talk over matters with each other.

This, however, would divide the Hospital Staff into two ranks, *viz.* : those who treated bodily ailments simply with medicine, and would, therefore, be termed “Medical” from Medicus meaning “the Healer,” and those attending to this, operating or working with the hand,  $\chi\epsilon\iota\rho\hat{\omega}\nu\ \epsilon\rho\gamma\omega\tau$ , received the name of Chirurgeons, *i.e.* hand-workers or Surgeons. The former practised by the Religious, the latter by the Lay Members, and as these latter advanced in skill and reputation they claimed for themselves the title, not only of Surgeons, but “mindful of the rock from whence they were hewn,” of Barber Surgeons, and acted independently, encouraged by Urban and Municipal Associations, which had obtained from their Lords their communal rights, and they combined the ordinary duties of bleeding and shaving with such rude surgery as was known in those days. Rude, ignorant practitioners at first, I dare say, but this would bring them into close and frequent contact with the world outside, and with the many ills which flesh is heir to, especially in the age when rough usage and bloodshed and strife were things of every day

occurrence, and being often appealed to for assistance, they would naturally be induced to acquire greater knowledge of the nature and requirements of the human body, which they had so frequently to handle.

That they were not altogether unsuccessful we may judge from the experience of David Bruce, King of Scotland, and brother-in-law of Edward III, at the Battle of Nevill's Cross. In an evil hour, relying upon the King of England's absence in France, he had crossed the Border, seized the Castle of Liddell, plundered the Priory of Lanercost, and the Church of Hexham, and advanced to Nevill's Cross, close to Durham. Archbishop Zouche, however, with a large force, hastily gathered, of determined men, confronted him here, and the Scots were terrified and defeated by the shower of arrows from the British bowmen. David Bruce, their King, had displayed the greatest intrepidity trying to rally his men, and rushing repeatedly into the fight, but severely wounded by arrows, one of which struck him on the head, and another on the nose, he was captured by John Copeland, a Northumbrian Squire, two of whose teeth he dashed out with his gauntleted hand in the struggle, but who, with eight others, pushed through the crowd, rode off with his prize, and never stopped until they came to Ogle Castle, about Vespers, some fifteen miles distant. Queen Philippa, after the battle, had retired to Newcastle, and hearing of the condition of David Bruce, her brother-in-law, she sent a letter to John Copeland commanding him to bring the King of Scots to her, but he declined to deliver him to anyone but the King, and shutting up his prisoner in

Bamburgh Castle, he went to Calais for further instructions. In the meantime, however, the wounds of the King of Scots required attention, and she therefore sent to York for surgical assistance from those whom she had probably known as successful practitioners during her residence there.

The following entry from the accounts of John Wodehouse, Clerk of the Exchequer, 20th and 21st Edward III, indicates the result. "Payments to Master William de Bolton and Hugh de Kilvyngton, Barber Surgeons, going from York to the Castle of Bamburgh to heal the said David de Brus, who lay there, having been wounded with an arrow at the said battle, and to extract the arrow and heal him with despatch—£6."

That their services were successful is attested by the fact that the King recovered from his wound, and lived unto 1370, and that Bolton at least was well rewarded was testified by a grant of Arms, still emblazoned on a stone shield in York Minster, which would place him amongst "Esquires or gentlemen entitled to bear Arms," and which, a chevron charged with the lions of the Plantagenets, would show that he was indeed a man whom the King delighted to honour.

Thomas Morestede, Surgeon to the three Henrys, the fourth, fifth and sixth, was the only Surgeon present at the Battle of Agincourt, his fifteen assistants whom he had pressed under a Royal Warrant not having arrived, and of these, three were to act as Archers as well as Surgeons, all of them receiving only Archers' pay, and Morestede himself only the pay of an ordinary Man-of-Arms.

Heury VI with his customary weak and dreamy character seems to have been much impressed by the Alchemists, and granted protection to three "famous men," while prosecuting their studies to discover a "certain most precious medicine called by some the Mother and Queen of Medicine, by some the Inestimable Glory, by others the Philosopher's Stone, by others the Elixir of Life, which cures all curable diseases with ease, prolongs human life in perfect health and vigour, heals all healable wounds, is a sovereign antidote against all poisons, and is capable of preserving to us and our Kingdom other great advantages, such as the transmutation of other metals into real and fine gold and silver."

Edward IV, however, in the first year of his reign granted to Morestede, with Jacques Fries, Physician, and John Hobbes, Physician and Surgeon, a Charter incorporating the company of "Barbers practising Surgery" in the name of St. Cosmo and Damianus, Brethren, Physicians and Martyrs. In lapse of time there seems to have been a schism in the body, for those who objected to the term "Barber" retired and formed themselves into a separate body, calling themselves "The Surgeons of London." But Gale, an eminent Surgeon having in strong language exposed the wide-spread evils resulting from "witches and women, and countless parties who take upon them the art not only of robbing them of their money, but of their limbs, and perpetual health," the disunion of "the Barber Surgeons" and "the Surgeons of London" was healed, and by Act 32, Henry VIII, 1541, they were re-united under the name of "the Masters or Governors of the Mystery and Commonalty of Barbers and Surgeons," at Barber  
s

Surgeons, Hall, Monkwell Street, London, on the site of a Hermitage or Chapel of "St. James in the Wall," inhabited by a Hermit and two Chaplains belonging to the Cistercian Abbey of Garadon, with the following elaborate Coat of Arms.

Quarterly:—1 and 4 Sable, a chevron between 3 fleams (Lancets), argent. 2 and 3 per pale, argent and vert, a spatula in pale azure, surmounted by a rose gules, charged with another of the first. The first rose regally crowned proper between the four quarters of a Cross of St. George gules, charged with a lion passant guardant, or.

And this great event is commemorated by a picture which still hangs in the Hall of the Barber Surgeons painted by Holbein, representing Henry VIII in gorgeous apparel seated in a chair of State, with sword and crown, and on either side the seventeen Members of the United Company, including his own Physician, Chambre, Dean of the Royal Chapel and College adjoining Westminster Hall, and Dr. Butts, mentioned by Shakespeare, who invited Latimer to Court, and was a warm friend of the Reformation.

The Arundel MS. in the British Museum contains a statement of Henry VIII, of payments to this great Artist, which amounts to £30 per annum during the years 1538-1541. These probably included this picture, but one wonders what he received for the portrait of the Duchess of Milan, which has been lately sold by the Duke of Norfolk for £70,000.

By the Act passed 1511 and 1512, no one was to practise as either Physician or Surgeon within the City of London, "or six myles of the same," unless examined

and approved by the Bishop of London, or Dean of St. Paul's, and, in the Country, by the Bishop of the Diocese or by his Vicar-General ; so some measure of Clerical control was still continued after the Reformation. They were to be exempt from bearing arms, and in war to be treated like Heralds, and to be exempt from "Constableships, Watch, and all enquests and juries." They were entitled to take the bodies of four malefactors put to death by order of the King's Laws, to anatomise, and to avoid any spread of infection, they were not to receive into their own houses any persons to be shaved, but for "drawing of tethe onelye except." They may cure "outward sores by herbs, oyntementes, bathes, pultes (poultices) and emplasters, and use drinke for the stone, strangurie or ague."

And similar ordinances seem to have been drawn up for the Barber Surgeons of York from 1413 to 1777, in all of which great stress is laid on the discontinuance of shaving on Sundays. In the last, however, this proviso is added "Save for strangers at the Assizes or Races."

There are very few whom we know as connected with St. Leonard's Hospital in York, but in a manuscript on vellum in the Minster Library, William de Killingholm, 1405, is mentioned ; on another, Willehem de Kitton, who was admitted to the Freedom of the Barbers, 1401.

In the list of the Freemen of York, however, we find several described as "Medicus" or "Physicus" Robertus de Blaikton, 1334, some evidently foreigners, probably Members of the Guild. Mr. Johannes de Gold,

miles in Medicinis, 1396, Hugh de Matice, 1396, Thomas de Coutherkirk, Physicus, 1419, Graciamus de Agnero in Hispania Oviendus Medicus, 1505. The designation "Leche" occurs in 1375, Adam de Fendyk, Leche. Duncanus, Leche, 1402, and a family of Leche, beginning with Christopher Leche, 1536, contributed eleven Members of the Guild of Barber Surgeons in seven consecutive generations.

But we have also one or two links with the past history of the College of Physicians, which must not be overlooked, for Thomas Linacre, the founder of that Institution, was, for a season, Prebendary of South Newbald, and Canon in the Minster. Born at Canterbury, 1460, and educated at the Cathedral School, in 1480 he became a student at Oxford. In 1484 he was elected a Fellow of All Souls, and then travelling into Italy, he studied under Lorenzo de Medici at Florence, as well as at the Universities of Venice, Padua, and Rome, taking the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the latter, then the most celebrated School of Physic in the world. Returning to Oxford in 1504, he received the degree of M.D., but he was at once appointed Domestic Physician to Henry VII, as well as Preceptor to Prince Arthur, on whose death he devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession, numbering amongst his patients Erasmus, whose letter from Paris, earnestly requesting him to send a prescription from which he had derived great benefit, is still extant.

On Henry VIII's accession he was again appointed Physician to the King, and to his care was committed the health of the foremost in Church and State. Sir

Reginald Bray, K.G., and Lord High Treasurer; William Warham, the Primate; Richard Fox, Privy Seal and Bishop of Winchester; and last, not least, Cardinal Wolsey; were amongst his patients. He had attained to the highest pinnacle of professional prosperity, when suddenly he seemed overcome by a craving for retirement, and no doubt a yearning for a higher object in life, *viz.*, the benefit of the souls rather than the bodies of men, and in 1569, when scarcely fifty years of age, he was ordained, and collated to the Rectory of Merstham. Promotion, however, soon followed, for such a man could not long be left in such a humble position. The Prebend of Easton in Gordano, in the Cathedral of Wells was at once conferred upon him, then in rapid succession the Church of Hawkhurst, in 1517 a Canonry at Westminster, the Canonry at York, the year following, in 1520 the Rectory of Holsworthy, and in 1520 the Rectory of Wigan, which he held to his death. But in the quiet discharge of his clerical duties, which he loved so well, he was not indifferent to the wants of the great Metropolis where he had laboured, and there in the year 1518 the Sweating Sickness broke out with fearful violence. The infected died within three hours of the first appearance of the disease. Half the population in many places was swept away, the administration of justice was suspended. The Court itself shifted about from one part to another with undisguised alarm. He knew by experience, according to the preamble of the Act of Henry VII, that "the science and cunning of physic and surgery was daily exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons, of

whom the greater part have no insight in the same, nor in any other kind of learning. That common artificers as smiths, weavers, and women, boldly and accustomably took upon them great cures and things of great difficulty in which they partly used sorceries and witchcraft, and partly applied such medicines unto the diseased as are very noisome and nothing meet, therefore, to the high displeasure of God, and the destruction of many of the King's liege people."

Linacre opened at once to Cardinal Wolsey his scheme of a College of Physicians to exercise a superintendence over the education and general fitness of all Medical Practitioners. The great Cardinal was favourable, and recommended it to his Royal Master, and on the 23rd of September, 1518, Letters Patent were granted incorporating Linacre and others in a perpetual commonality or Fellowship of the Faculty of Physic.

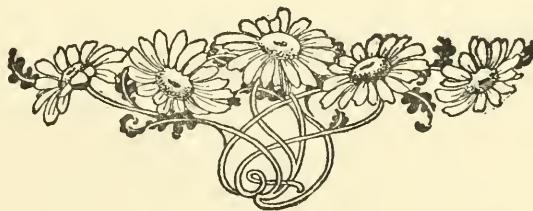
In 1522, the King's Charter was confirmed by Parliament, and the power of licensing Practitioners transferred from the Church to his College. Of the College thus established Linacre was the first President, an office he continued to hold until his death, October 20th, 1524. His body was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, but until 1537 the grave was unmarked by any memorial. Then Dr. Caius, the President, erected a Monument at his private cost bearing this inscription:—

*"Thomae Lynacro Clarissimo Medico."*

One other link we have with this great College, and also with my own College, for on March 14th, 1562, Richard Master, Fellow of All Souls', and President of the College of Physicians, was installed Prebendary of

Fridaythorpe in the Cathedral of York Minster, being about that time Physician of the Chamber to Queen Elizabeth.

Medical and Surgical service has indeed made great strides since those days, and continue almost every day to add something to the relief, if not the cure of sickness and suffering. We cannot over-estimate the value of what we enjoy, or be too thankful for the manifestation which God has given to man of the intricacies of that nature in which he is so fearfully and wonderfully made, and the manifold and subtle means whereby relief may be found for the many ills which flesh is heir to. We look at the crumbling fragment of the Hospital of St. Leonard. Let us not despise the day of small things, which has proved the dawn of great things which we are privileged to enjoy, but which no doubt are but the harbingers of even greater things to come.



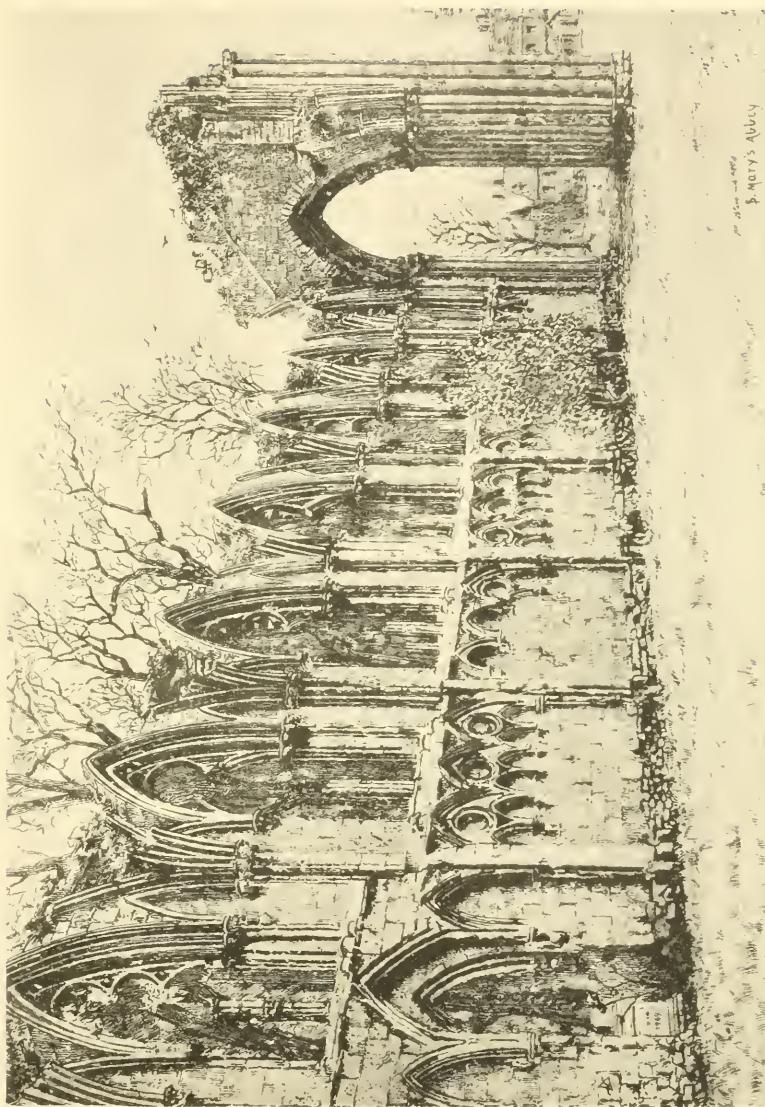


## CHAPTER XIII.

### St. MARY'S ABBEY.

THE ruins of the great Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary beyond the Multangular Tower are more extensive, and more beautiful, and perhaps more interesting than those which we have just noticed, for we can trace the gradual development of the Church, and some of the names and characters at least of those associated with them have come down to us.

The genesis of the building is perhaps uncertain, but Dugdale says that certain brethren who had been driven away by William de Percy, 1078, and taken refuge at Lastingham were brought hither by Alan, Earl of Bretagne, who gave them four acres of land without the Walls of York at Earlsborough, probably the site of the Palace of the Danish King, together with the Church



St. Mary's Abbey. By E. Piper, R.P.E.



dedicated to St. Olave, where, in 1089, on the completion of the necessary buildings, the Chapel was dedicated to St. Mary.

The excavations which have been lately made reveal the foundation walls of this early building, with three circular apses; and in 1270 the Church having been destroyed by a fire which consumed (Dugdale says) the greater part of the City of York, Abbot Simon de Warrewik undertook a new Church. Sitting in his chair with mortar in his hand, the whole Convent standing around him, he laid the first stone, and lived to see the completion in twenty-two years. This probably was the Nave, the North wall of which still remains, with the fragments of the West end, and of the beautiful doorway so gracefully ornamented with foliage.

Foundations also of an extensive Choir, and of yet again a more extensive Choir have been brought to light, which indicate that there was an outward progress in the good work until its completion with transepts and central tower must have rendered it one of the most spacious and beautiful buildings in the Kingdom.

The remains of the Chapter House have also been brought to light, and, still covered up by the hideous Grecian Museum, may be traced some at least of the conventional buildings. A portion at least of the Abbot's House remains beyond, but as Henry VIII, at the dissolution, determined to retain this for the residence of the President of the Council of the North, which he had established, it has become simply a portion of more modern buildings erected in the Seventeenth Century for the accommodation of various successors of this important

functionary. There is little more to be gathered of its history during Mediæval times, except the famous émeute which resulted in the foundation of the Abbey of Fountains.

In 1122, St. Bernard seems to have sent a body of Cistercian Monks from Clairvaux into Yorkshire recommending them to the care of his friend, Thurstan, the Archbishop. By his advice Walter Espec settled them at Rievaulx, and there in a place ““*vastoe solitudinis and horroris*” they established themselves with all the austerity they so much affected. In due time the fame of their devoted lives extended to St. Mary’s, York, where the Abbot Savaricus, or Saverinus, who had only been appointed the previous year, had allowed the discipline to become somewhat slack, no doubt from his inexperience in his duties, or his diffidence in exercising his powers, but no violent outbreaks, no open contempt of rules and customs were alleged against the Brethren. Some of them, however, began to wish for the more stringent rule, and Richard, the Prior; Gervase, the Sub-Prior; Richard, the Sacrist; Walter, the Almoner; and Robert, the Precentor; being of one mind in this matter, and having persuaded a sufficient number of their brethren to make thirteen, the number required for the beginning of a Monastic colony, they communicated to the Abbot their wish to go. But they were met with a stern refusal, as asking a grievous thing, bringing confusion into the Holy House, attempting to break their solemn vows; and the matter was freely discussed with much difference of opinion throughout the summer. The Prior then consulted the Archbishop, who, as a friend of Bernard and admirer of



St. Mary's Abbey. By Herbert Railton.



the Cistercians, sympathized with them, and communicated with the Abbot. He, however, declined to take any action without the consent of the Chapter General of the Order. Upon this the Archbishop decided to hold a visitation of the Abbey, and accompanied by William, the Treasurer of the Minster (afterwards St. William); Ansfrid, his Chaplain; Robert, Master of St. Leonard's Hospital; William, Prior of Guisborough; and Hugh, Archdeacon of York; on October 9th, 1132, by appointment came to the Abbey. But in the meantime the news had spread like wildfire, and the whole Benedictine body were up in arms. They protested that it was an attack of the Cistercians upon themselves; they imputed to the Archbishop that he was siding with his friend Bernard against them, and coming together from all parts they packed the Chapter House with an excited mob, and supporting the Abbot as their head and leader blocked the entrance, and refused to allow the Archbishop to enter. His words of kindly greeting were drowned in discordant utterances until at last in tones of stern reproof he said: "I put your Church under an interdict." "Interdict it for a hundred years if you like," was the angry response, and then the Archbishop, with the Prior and his friends, alarmed at their violence, took refuge in the Church, and barred the doors for fear of their lives, and the Abbot proclaimed his intention to appeal to the King, the Archbishop to the Pope. Meanwhile the recusants departed, and were housed by the Archbishop at his seat near Ripon, from whence they went eight miles into the country, and in the narrow valley of the Skell found a lonely place full of thorns and rocks where they encamped under the wide spreading

trees of the forest by the side of a clear running brook, and in the exuberance of their hearts amidst such beautiful scenery they sang the words of the Benedicite as they took possession, "O ye wells, bless ye the Lord," and there in good time rose up the great Abbey of Fountains, if possible, greater and more beautiful than St. Mary's of York, and where was carried on, for many generations, the same work of love and mercy which was carried on here, and the ruins of which still excite the interest and admiration of all.

The worthy Abbot seems to have remained in his office for twenty-eight years afterwards, so it is evident that the storm blew over, and that the authorities to whom the appeals were made evidently thought that there was nothing very serious in the condition of the Abbey, nor in the émeute which had taken place.

In due time, however, Abbot Savericus was succeeded by Abbot Clement, who ruled over the Abbey for twenty-three years, and whose character as given in the Bodleian MS., is "*qui fuit lupus rapax super omnia vastans*," so no doubt he redressed the balance.

The Deed of Gift is still preserved at Studley Royal. William the Dean of York, William the Treasurer, Hugh the Precentor, Robert and William, Archdeacons, four Canons of St. Peter, five of St. Wilfrid's, and nine Laymen, signed the document as witnesses.

Whether in consequence of this, I know not, but the Pope made the Abbot of St. Mary's a Mitred Abbot. All Abbots, indeed, from the early days of Athelstan had been Members of the Witenagemot, and were summoned with Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Earls,

and Greater Barons, to Parliament, but many were glad to escape from this on account of the expense of attending, on the plea that their lands were held in free Almonry, and not of Barony. But Mitred Abbots were those who had received from the Pope the right of wearing the Mitre and other Vestments proper to the Episcopal Order, an honour which was only conferred as an exceptional privilege, and we may be sure that the Abbot of a great Benedictine Monastery would be thought worthy of it.

Whenever he went abroad, either by water or land, his retinue was extremely numerous, little inferior to that of the Archbishop of York. He had several country houses, of which those at Deighton and Overton were chief. He had also a fine Park at Beningborough close by, and a London residence in the Parish of St. Peter, near Paul's Wharf.

Nothing now remains of the Abbot's residence at Overton though a few undulations in the soil indicate the existence of the foundations where the house once stood. Dr. Hutton, however, mentions that it was standing in the year 1661 (Drake), and that the following inscription was on the woodwork:— “*Post tenebras lucem. Anno Domini mccccvi. et regni regis Henrici Septimi vice-simo primo Robertus Wanop Abbas Eborum edificari fecit hoc opus novum, cui mercedem det Deus Almus, post tenebras sperans lucem.*” There is something very touching in the inscription as both at its commencement and conclusion it expresses light after darkness, or success after anxiety and disappointment. It would seem to imply that after many years of

labour and waiting the good man had attained to the acme of his desires, and becoming Abbot had testified his gratitude to God by rebuilding the house; but his enjoyment there was short lived, for in the following year he died, and was succeeded by Edmund Thornton, probably a relation of William Thornton, who, thirty-three years afterwards, surrendered the Abbey to Henry VIII, receiving a very large pension of four hundred Marks per annum for his life.

Beningborough seems to have been acquired by the Bourchiers. Richard Bourchier is mentioned as owning it in 1620. Sir Ralph Bourchier was High Sheriff of the County in 1580, and he was succeeded by his grandson, Sir John, who seems to have been a zealous Royalist until a quarrel took place between him and Lord Strafford, then President of the "Council of the North," who had enclosed certain lands in the Forest of Galtres for a preserve, with palings, which Sir John pulled down. For this he was arraigned before the Court of the Star Chamber, and fined and imprisoned. He petitioned against this to the Long Parliament, by whom it was made one of the minor charges against Strafford, and exasperated thereby, he allied himself with the Parliamentary party, became Member for Ripon, and in December, 1648, was appointed one of the King's Judges, and signed his death warrant.

In 1651 and 1652, he was a Member of the Council of State, and as some compensation received a grant of £6,000 from the Estate of the unfortunate Strafford. At the Restoration he was required to surrender, but before any definite action could be taken

against him he died, asserting to the last the justice of the King's condemnation. "I tell you it was a just act; God and all good men will own it."

The Estate has now passed to the Dawnays, and the fine City residence in Michaelgate which had become the property of the Cromptons, has within the last few years been sold, dismantled, and made a drug store.

But the Reformation came, and in due time King Henry VIII came to St. Mary's Abbey. He received an enthusiastic welcome. At the entrance of the County he was met by two hundred gentlemen in velvet coats and suitable accoutrements, with four thousand tall yeomen and servants well horsed. The Archbishop with three hundred of the Clergy received him with an offering of £600. At York the Lord Mayor presented him with £100. As so much of the Church property was then practically in solution, and in the hands of the King, the reflection naturally arises, was all this in acknowledgment of favours already received, or in anticipation of those to come?

It was his first, and I believe only visit to York, and in many ways I am afraid it was unsatisfactory and disappointing. He had not long before beheaded one wife, Anne Boleyn; he had lately married another, Catharine Howard, and for the moment he was quite satisfied that he had at last obtained all he wanted. His object was to meet his nephew, James V of Scotland, whose father had been killed at Flodden, and whose remains were still lying unburied and uncared for in his palace at Sheene. He hoped to have persuaded him to adopt a similar

policy to his own, confiscate Church property, persecute the Clergy, and with the proceeds conciliate the powerful and truculent laity. It had answered so well in England, that he would be sure to adopt it. But James V was not a man to be cajoled, nor devoid of purpose or conviction. He had, perhaps, also some of the Tudor grit combined with the hereditary Scotch strength of will and independence of character. He is the hero of Walter Scott's matchless poem of the "Lady of the Lake." I do not know how far that is founded on fact, or whether, like the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," it is a mere fiction, but he had shewn in many ways that he was not to be trifled with, and when the Border Freebooters became troublesome he went boldly amongst them, and though in their best clothing they welcomed him, he hung them up incontinently on the forest trees; and the reported contest with Roderick Dhu, and the brave defiance of the armed warriors who sprung up suddenly from the brakes and bushes are quite in character with him. He had formed a different estimate from Henry of the best policy to be pursued. He had twice married Roman Catholic Wives; Cardinal Beeton was his great friend and adviser. His opinion of the Clergy was, that they were devout and God-fearing men, and that he had better count on their skill, intelligence and learning, which rendered them far more fit to hold Offices of State, and to assist him in administering public business, than the Scottish nobility, who were at once profoundly ignorant, and fierce and arrogant, and ambitious to the last degree. To such a character the prospect of meeting Henry could not have been very attractive. He must have known how cruelly he

had treated his mother, how ruthless he was in his dealings, how absolutely unscrupulous in his purposes, and how utterly devoid of the spirit of that Christianity which he professed to be so anxious to purify and defend. He personally disliked the rough, violent, boisterous manners of his uncle, who had disgusted him by the imprudent violence with which he had pressed him to imitate his style, and endeavoured to induce him to marry his daughter, Mary, on condition of being made Duke of York.

So he came not, and, I believe, never intended to come, and the King waited. A sore trial for one so accustomed to servile and immediate obedience.

He wiled away the time in making the Abbey Buildings more suitable for a Royal Palace, and Catharine Howard, finding the old city dull, went off with her ladies and courtiers to hunt at Pontefract; and so, after waiting twelve days the King, like Naaman of old, “turned and went away in a rage;” and his temper was not improved by hearing from Cranmer on his arrival at Hampton Court of the loose character and conduct of his Queen. With his usual stern and heartless nature he ordered her at once to the Tower, and sat imperturbable in the Chapel while the poor terrified girl, knowing full well what that implied, rushed shrieking down the corridor in the vain hope of touching his hard heart, and obtaining his mercy. Well may that corridor have been ever since considered haunted, and even to this day piercing shrieks be heard disturbing the silence of the night.

But the status of the great Abbey was now to be

changed, and while the fabric of the beautiful Church was to become the mere stone quarry of the country side, furnish material for the repair of prisons, bridges, or any other buildings, the Abbot's House was to be dedicated to purposes Political if not National, and under the name of the King's Manor to become the Head Quarters of the President and Members of "the Council of the North."

Doubtless, this had much to do with King Henry's visit to York. "The Pilgrimage of Grace" had shown him that preference for "the Old Faith" was still largely prevalent in the North of England, and the avowal of sympathy and support accorded thereto by James V indicated that, at present at least, it was still in favour with the people of Scotland, and the natural apprehension therefrom would be that a combination might take place which would seriously affect his plans, and, perhaps, cause a general re-action in Ecclesiastical matters if not complications affecting the State. It was, therefore, decided to establish a Court of Council for the North to deal with these matters, just as, in the days of Henry VII, the Court of Star Chamber had been organized to deal with troubles arising (Stubbs III, 271), from livery, maintenance, and other details of Feudal social life, which were not distinctly criminal. For this purpose the Chancellor, Treasurer, Privy Seal, a Bishop, a Lord Temporal of the Council, and two Chief Justices composed the Court, and here in York in the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry VIII, a similar Council was established consisting of a Lord-President, Vice-President, and four or more learned Counsellors, who at

once petitioned the King, through the Secretary Cromwell, to allow to them the residence of the Abbot of St. Mary's, which had been either enlarged or rebuilt by William Sevier, Abbot, 1485-1502.

Many of the present buildings were erected probably on the lines of the old buildings, and the newel of the stone staircase is the only fragment of what was once a dignified residence, where the Lord Abbot held his State, and dispensed his hospitalities to the many royal and noble personages who at various times were lodged beneath his roof. All this was to be conformed to the requirements of a partly lay and partly secular community. The work had probably begun before the King came, and a spacious vault which has only lately been built over, known as "the King's Cellar," is said to have been the sub-structure intended for a banqueting room by Henry himself, and in progress during his visit.

Holgate, Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards Archbishop of York, was the first Lord-President, but only for a year. He was succeeded, with the exception of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Rutland, whose tenures of office were very brief, by Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, and Thomas Young, Archbishop of York. These having their own Episcopal residences were not likely to live here, but when the Earl of Sussex, a favourite courtier of Queen Elizabeth, was appointed, he immediately commenced the reparation of the building, and applied for £200, besides one hundred oak trees from the Forest of Galtres for that purpose, which, however, he complained were by no means sufficient for what he had to do.

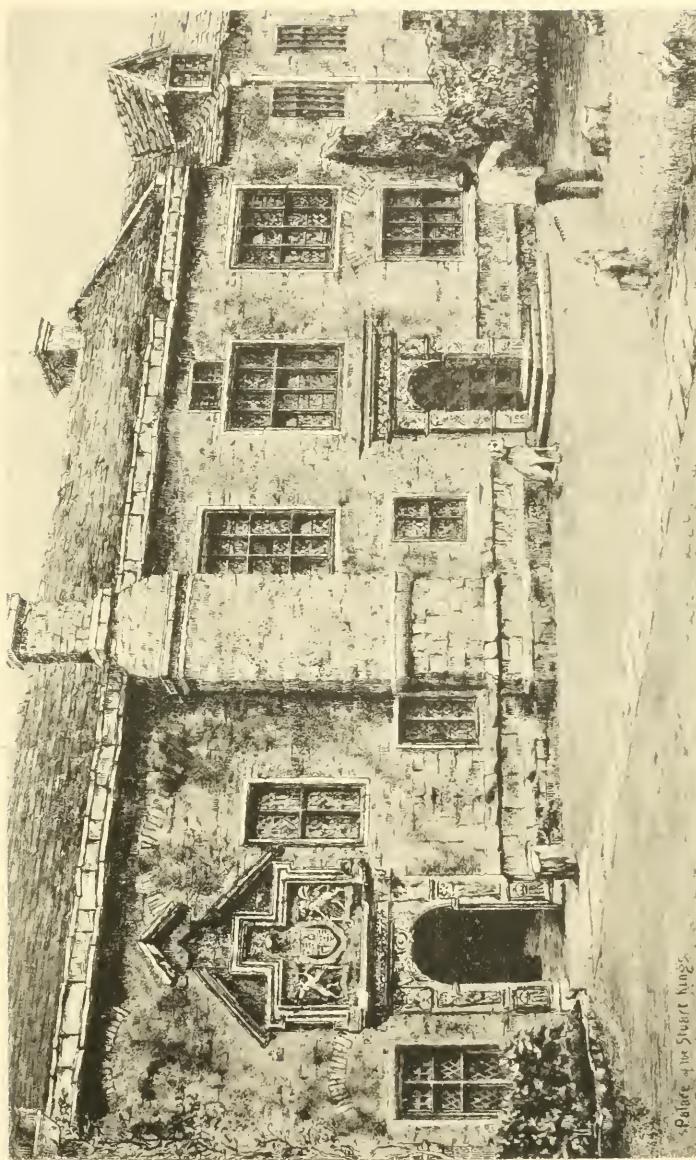
The Earl of Huntingdon succeeded him in 1572,

whose wife was a sister of Robert Dudley, the Queen's favourite, and during his twenty-three years' tenure of office, the buildings were largely developed for the accommodation of his family, the Members of the Executive Council, and the transactions of the High Commission Court. This was probably the North side of the building, where, on the walls of one of the rooms a flat cornice or frieze of plasterwork still bears an open pomegranate ensigned by wyverns or dragons, the badge of the Tudor's, a bull's head erased, the Crest of the House of Hastings, with the initials H. H. and Collar of the Garter, and the bear and ragged staff, the badge of the Earls of Warwick, assumed by the Dudleys.

When James I paid his visit to York he gave orders to have the Manor repaired and converted into a Royal Palace for his use on going to or returning from Scotland, and on the sides of the doorways, which are outside, his initials and crown are boldly carved, indicating that, in some degree at least, his directions were carried out.

Lord Burleigh was then President of the Council, which office he soon resigned to Edmund Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, who resided there sixteen years, and received from the Treasury £3,301 for his outlay on the buildings, though it is now only a matter of conjecture as to the actual work done.

He was succeeded 1628 by Viscount Wentworth, who lived here for the first four years of his Presidency, and whose arms indicate some portion, at least, of his work therein. From his letter to Lord Conway we



The King's Manor. By E. Piper, R.P.E.



may conclude that the Chapel had been restored by him, for he says, "In the meantime there is a Gloria Patri sung at St. Mary's Abbey, so as the pillars in that kitchen now may hope to have the honour to become the pillars again of a Church, as formerly they were." He would be President here during the visits of Charles I to York, though doubtless often absent to attend to his difficult and engrossing duties as Lord Deputy of Ireland, as well as Lieutenant General of the English forces in the North. In 1640, created Earl of Strafford, he was here with the King, and journeyed with him to London, but within six months, hunted down by his political enemies, he laid his neck upon the block.

The funeral took place at Wentworth Woodhouse Church, but it is said that when some years ago the vault at Hooton Robert Church where the body of his widow had been laid was opened, another coffin was found therein, indicating that his relatives had been so apprehensive that popular insults would be offered to his remains, that they had by a secret interment provided for them a sure and quiet resting place.

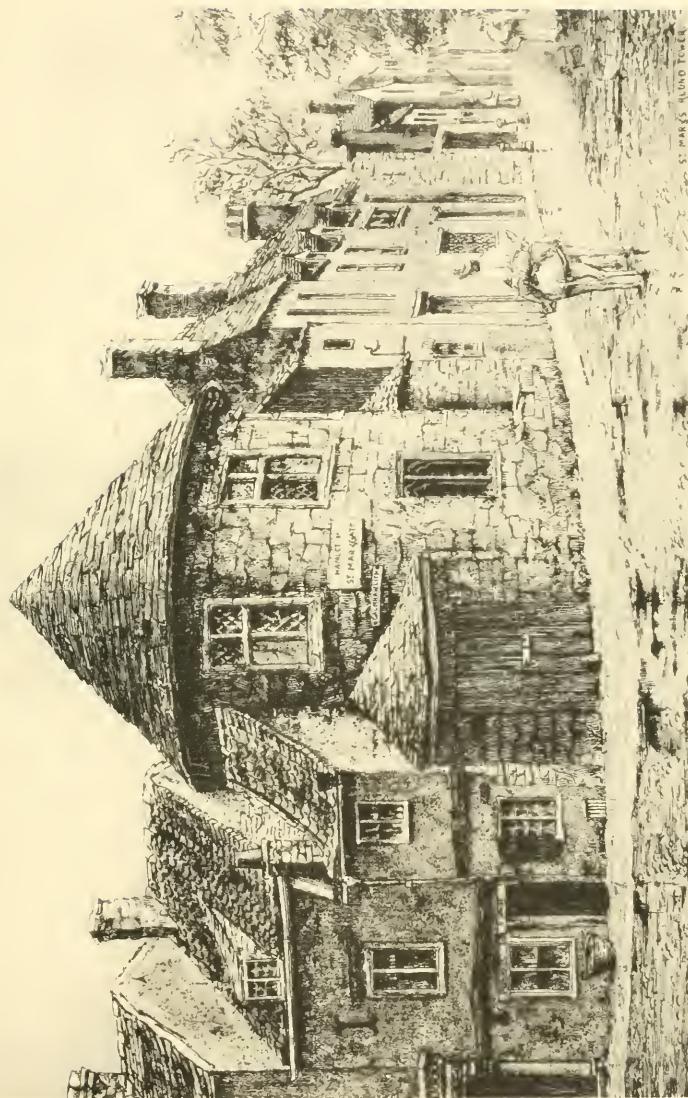
A Yorkshireman by birth and descent, single-hearted, loyal alike to his King and God, with high ideals for his country's welfare, resolute in his purpose to solve the difficulties of the days in which he lived, and find the clue to the tangled complications of political and religious differences. Impatient, perhaps, with those who questioned his policy or impugned his motives, carried on by the very fervour of his desires beyond the limits of prudence, or perhaps of law; he ignored the letter that he might enforce the spirit,

and thus made himself a victim to those who blind to his intrinsic merits recognized in him only an antagonistic power which they must quench, but could not withstand.

Gardiner, in his memoir of him in the "Dictionary of National Biography," has, I think, very equitably summed up his character. "Strafford's aims as a Statesman are easy to discern. A reformer by nature, he sought to retain the Kingship in the position it had acquired under the Tudors — to be assisted, but not controlled by Parliament. To maintain this was impossible with Charles, and Strafford, therefore, was forced into a re-action from which the Tudor sovereigns had kept themselves free. Personally he was most lovable by all who submitted to his influence, with an imperious temper towards those who thwarted him."

He was the last President. Not many days previous to his execution, the two Houses of Parliament joined in a resolution beseeching His Majesty that "the present Commission might be revoked, and no more such be granted for the future," and the Great Council of the North ceased to exist. The King made an effort to continue it, and appointed Lord Savile as President in his place, but neither he nor any of those named as Councillors ventured to act upon it.

The Manor though now deserted was still held by a solitary keeper as a Tenement of the Crown, and here during the siege of York one of the sharpest encounters between Royalists and Roundheads took place, on Trinity Sunday, 1644, when most of the Commanders being at Service in the Minster, St. Mary's Tower at the



St. Mary's Round Tower. By E. Piper, R.P.E.



North-East corner of the Manor was suddenly demolished by a mine, and the Parliamentary soldiers rushing in through the breach took possession of the Manor. The Royalists, however, rallied, and a terrible conflict took place upon the bowling green before they regained the position.

During the Commonwealth the Manor was the residence of Colonel Lilburn, one of the Regicides, acting under General Lambert commanding the army in Yorkshire. At the Restoration he was succeeded by Lord Frescheville, and afterwards by Sir John Reresby, whom Charles II had made Governor of York.

One episode connected with the reign of James II must not be unnoticed. The condition of England after the Restoration seems to have been one of acute sensitiveness. The events of the past had given bitter experiences of the evils of Roman Popery on the one hand, and of Puritan Popery on the other. The former had entailed wide-spread bloodshed alike in its attack and defence, and the latter had brought the King and the Archbishop to the scaffold, as well as desecrated the fabrics and despoiled the Ministers of the Established Church. The nation desired to have a free hand for the future, uncontaminated alike by either; and Charles II satisfying them by his imperturbable good humour and his keen sagacity that he would do nothing to jeopardise it, they were willing to ignore the sensuality which marked and polluted his private life. He had given them good evidence that he was to be trusted in this respect. Lord Stafford had been beheaded on the suspicion that he was in complicity with the Pope, and Lord Danby had been

incarcerated for five years in the Tower on the doubtful question of some intercepted letters of correspondence with the French King. He had consented, if not arranged, that the Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, should marry the Protestant Prince of Orange, and as regards the future succession to the Crown offered, in his speech from the Throne, to agree to anything which might serve to quiet the minds of the people, excepting only the utter exclusion of his brother from the Throne; so that it was moved by Sir Thomas Littleton that a Bill should be brought in enabling the Duke of York to enjoy the title, but the Princess of Orange to exercise the power, which was only negatived by a timely Dissolution of the House. In fact, it must have been evident to every man of common perception that the Nation would stand no tampering with either the Crown or the Faith, that a Constitutional Monarchy and the Reformed Church were to be the recognized elements for the future.

We should naturally expect that on ascending the Throne under these circumstances, James would have been not only circumspect in his conduct, but convinced that however the private exercise of his own Faith might be conceded, it was absolutely useless to attempt any definite propaganda of Romish doctrines and ceremonies. He had encouragement on the one hand of the continued loyalty to the Crown by the failure of the ill-advised attempt of the Duke of Monmouth, and on the other hand warnings enough of the mistrust and apprehensions which were troubling the people in behalf of their Faith.

Nothing  
is so  
disagreeable  
to me as  
Crafts  
silly  
humors  
taken

D Simpson  
1804  
Fatty Hopkins  
Catharine Fisher  
somebody

Richardson  
Duncombe  
if you love  
me as I  
love you I  
ne'er shall  
be forgot  
by two

B Duncombe came to  
the manor Jan 8<sup>th</sup> 1786  
John Robson came to the  
manor July 31<sup>st</sup> 1789  
Jane Robson came to  
the manor Oct 5<sup>th</sup> 1789  
Lady Christina 3<sup>rd</sup> 1790  
Heath came to the manor  
1790

Had I been  
Paris & Hardy  
merriers  
there —  
the apple  
had not  
fallen to  
Venus's  
shake

I hope  
Dame  
means to  
let me go  
to another  
Play this  
winter  
As he



It seems almost incredible that under these circumstances he should have attempted such a futile proceeding as that at York. Archbishop Dolben was dead, and it seemed a great opportunity to restore into the Northern Province a Prelate of the unreformed Faith. I suppose the King calculated that if once this could be accomplished, and supported, as it would be, by the large number of Roman Catholics in the North, it would have the acceptance, if not the cordial approval, of the people generally. If a popular Prelate could only appear amongst the people, vested with all the insignia of the Episcopal Office, and supported by a body of Ecclesiastics, the hearts of the people would be touched, their enthusiasm kindled, and the first stone of a restored Papal Hierarchy throughout the Kingdom securely laid. That this was his purpose, the action which he took seems to indicate, and the means to carry it out to have been well chosen.

Sir John Reresby says that "the City of York had been more noted than most places for the height and virulence of faction;" and for that reason I suppose after the Council of the North had been dissolved it was found necessary to have some representative of Royal Authority, and a Lord High Steward had been appointed. But as he was a non-resident Nobleman, it would be further necessary to have a resident Governor of York, and Sir John Reresby "in opposition to a strong and potent interest against" him had been appointed, with residence at the King's Manor.

Both these officials could be thoroughly depended upon for their loyalty, and as an additional and impor-

tant recommendation, they were natives of Yorkshire.

Sir John Reresby was a member of an old County family which had been established for many generations at Thrybergh in the West Riding. It is said that Sir Ralph Reresby of Ashover in Derbyshire, having determined to join the Crusaders in the Holy Land, had a parting interview with his affianced wife Mary, sister and heiress of Ralph Normanville, Lord of Thrybergh, at St. Leonard's Cross, the ruins of which still stand in the village. Nothing, however, was heard of him for many years, and the lady was about to be married to another, when she received a mysterious message directing her to visit St. Leonard's Cross on a certain night, where she met a Palmer who eventually revealed himself as her former lover. Their plighted vows were renewed, and by their marriage the Reresbys became Lords of Thrybergh. Sir John Reresby's father, an ardent lover of hawks and beagles, "ever constant to his garden," had died of a surfeit of oysters, 1646, and his son, "a great lover of music, and very proficient in the violin," had been educated in London, admitted to Gray's Inn, and after some travelling married to Mistress Frances Browne, daughter of William Browne, of the City of York, where Sir John had a house in the Minster Yard, and entertained his friends during his year of office as High Sheriff, 1667. "I kept two coaches," he says, "one for myself, another for my Under-Sheriff, had my own violins there all the Assizes, and gave a ball and entertainment to all the ladies of the town. These Assizes cost me three hundred and odd pounds."

The Governorship of Scarborough followed, and in

1682 the Governorship of York. To commemorate which occasion, according to Torre, he had three cross-crosslets cut upon the chevron of one of the stone shields above the Western Arches of the Nave at the Minster, thus converting the Arms of Maulay in those of Reresby. He was also Governor of Burlington, and Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding, as well as Member for the City of York. He seems to have engaged on several occasions the special notice of Charles II, and on his death had officially participated in the Proclamation of James in the Castle Yard and Thursday Market, York, ordering a double discharge of the Artillery and several volleys. "All this was transacted with all imaginary tokens of peace and joy."

The Lord High Steward, the last who held that office in York, was Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby. His father, Sir Edward of Kiverton, created a Baronet 1620, was the grandson of Edward Osborne, who, as a young man was employed in the shop of Sir William Hewitt, an opulent merchant living on Old London Bridge, and jumped through the window to rescue his only daughter, Anne, who had fallen into the river, and being in consequence rewarded with her hand, inherited her father's wealth, and became Lord Mayor of London, 1582. The rise of Sir Thomas Osborne had been rapid. Baron Osborne and Viscount Latimer, 1673, and in the following year Earl of Danby, and eventually High Steward of York in succession to the Duke of Richmond. In the same year also he rose to the great office of High Treasurer of England, "My Lord Clifford resigning his Staff, and confessing himself

a Papist." He had had a rather chequered experience of official life, for on the imputation of his Secretary, Mr. Montague, that he had employed him to open a correspondence with the Papal Nuncio, he was sent to the Tower, where he remained five years, although the King, Charles II, had formally, in his address to the Lords taken the responsibility of the letters upon himself.

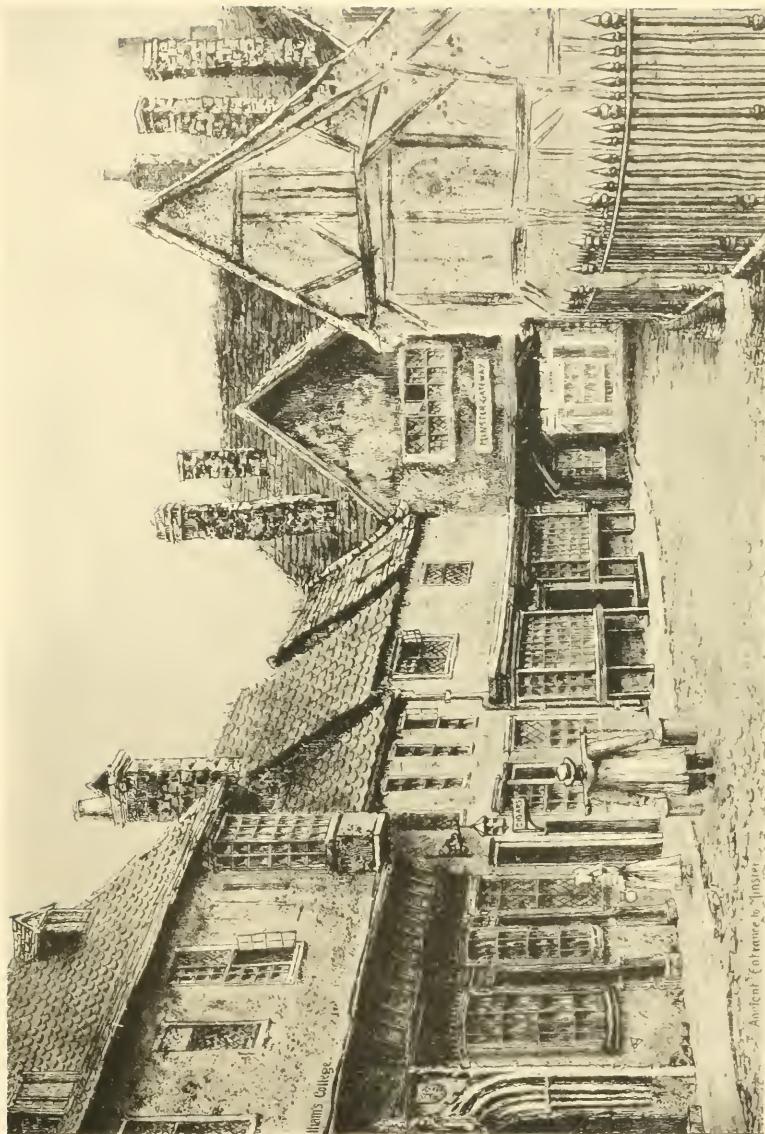
However, both from their ingrained loyalty to the Throne, as well as from their grateful sense of favours received, James could feel satisfied of their support. He had, therefore, only to select a suitable Ecclesiastic to personify the spiritual dignity of the Romish Church, and the individual required seemed ready to hand.

James Smith, Bishop of Callipolis, Prince Cardinal of Rome, would be a suitable representative, and the fact that he was Domestic Chaplain to the Queen Dowager, Catharine of Braganza, would at once ingratiate him with the people, for by her quiet and simple life amidst incessant disproved imputations on her loyalty to the Crown, and the flagrant immoralities of her husband, she had established a reputation for piety and purity which even Charles himself acknowledged and respected, and which must have won the approval and sympathy of the people generally. Such a character would mitigate, if not take away the sting of foreign interference, which was so keenly felt, and so strongly resented, and smooth the way to a willing if reluctant acceptance of "the Faith"; but there was need of caution, and the first step would be to secure his establishment. Tidings, therefore, came to Sir John Reresby that the King had granted

*Ancient Entrance to the Minster.*

*One of the three Ancient Entrances to the Liberty of St. Peter, or Minster Close. This view shows the Linen, Draper's Shop where George Hudson lived before he became the famous Railway King, and also the exterior of St. William's College, with its Perpendicular doorway.*







the Manor of York as a Seminary for the instruction of youths to one Lawson, a Priest, for a term of thirty years, and on applying to Lord Bellasis, the Principal Commissioner of the Treasury this was confirmed, with the assurance that Sir John should be compensated for any loss or inconvenience, and that the King had still entire confidence in him. Father Lawson himself wrote to announce the fact, and to assure Sir John of the King's favourable consideration of him and good intentions for the future.

On December 7th he came in person, and took possession, which was reluctantly accorded to him, and the following year Bishop Smith arrived and took up his abode, and consecrated a Chapel in the building, announcing that he had been nominated by the King as one of the four Vicars Apostolic, amongst whom England was portioned out, as well as the possibility of his appointment to the See of York, which had now been vacant for two years. On November 22nd, however, Lord Danby, whose loyalty had been thoroughly shaken by this overt proceeding, having no doubt received information of the Bishop's intention to perform his first public function by a progress through the streets of York, and a service at a distant Roman Catholic Chapel, raised the cry of "a free Parliament, the Protestant Religion and no Popery," and supported by four troops of Militia, seized the gates, the magazine and the stores, thus asserting his superior authority to the Governor; and on the Bishop issuing forth in full Canonicals, bearing his Pastoral Staff, and accompanied with a goodly number of Ecclesiastics and Acolytes,

and endeavouring to take his way through the streets, now crowded with an excited populace, the High Steward wrested the Badge of Papal authority out of his hands, and the terrified and bewildered Bishop fled away to Wycliffe, where he found refuge at the house of Mr. Tunstall, and lived in seclusion until his death in 1710.

And so the King's plan failed as it deserved to fail, for surely his own experience of the temper of the Nation might have shewn him that the restoration of the Papal Hierarchy would not be tolerated by the British people, and it seems strange also how he could have acted in such disregard and defiance of the failures of his own father and brother. But no man ever less deserved to succeed. So sensual in his private life that his Physician remonstrated with him, he had none of the good humour and common sense which characterized his brother. Narrow in his religious views, and stern in their expression, he never seemed to have acquired the spirit of them, and his heartless rejection of his unfortunate bastard nephew, the Duke of Monmouth, is only too true a type of his nature.

Of all the Dukes of York he is the least worthy of the remembrance of the people, and of all the Kings of England he shed the least lustre upon his Crown.

We are not told whether Sir John Reresby ever returned to his old quarters in the Manor, but according to his Autobiography he was continued in his office during the conflicting events which followed, and its concluding paragraph represents him as waiting for the opportunity to do homage to William III. He died, however, the same year, and was succeeded by his son

William, a reckless gambler with fighting cocks. It is said that his estate at Dennaby, inherited from the Vavasours, was staked and lost on a single main. In 1705 he was compelled to sell Thrybergh and the estates connected with it. And in 1727 he died in abject penury as a tapster at the Fleet Prison. His brother, Leonard, who succeeded to the title, died unmarried and the Baronetcy became extinct.

As regards Lord Danby, he seems to have been a *persona grata* with the new regime. On the accession of William and Mary he was advanced to the Marquisate of Carmarthen, and in 1694 to the Dukedom of Leeds. Whether of Leeds in Kent or Yorkshire is still a moot question amongst Historians and Genealogists, but his descendant, the tenth Duke, is still a member of our local nobility.

In 1692 a Lease of the whole site of St. Mary's Abbey was granted to Robert Waller, who seems to have been a kinsman of the Poet Waller, and a member of a large local family, for no less than thirty of that name appear in the list of Freemen between 1563 and 1721, men for the most part of humble occupations, but Robert became Attorney to the Lord Mayor, and then Lord Mayor himself in 1683, when he was displaced by James II, but restored the following year. Eventually, in 1691, the time of William and Mary, he represented the City in Parliament, and died in 1723. During that time, however, he seems to have made the tenancy of the Abbey a very lucrative business, converting many of the buildings into separate dwelling-houses let at a good rent. Other portions were let for workshops or warehouses, and

a Mint for coining money, an Assembly Room for the nobility, gentry and ladies at the Races, and the High Sheriff's Entertaining Room at the Assizes. Last not least, a portion was occupied as a Young Ladies' School which was in existence and good repute until the year 1840. Many quaint inscriptions scratched by the girls on the window panes still exist (a full page illustration of which is given).

The present condition of the Abbey is happily associated with the memory of not the least amongst the illustrious men of England, and distinguished natives of the County of York.

Born on August 24th, 1759, William Wilberforce was the only son of Robert Wilberforce, a Merchant of Hull. For many generations his ancestors had been established in the East Riding. In the reign of Henry II, Ilgerus de Wilberfoss served in the Scottish Wars under Philip de Kyme, whose daughter he had married, and had large estates extending from Wilberfoss to Stamford Bridge.

For sixteen generations, Glover, the herald, notices them as resident there. Then the elder branch seems to have failed, and the younger to have settled at Beverley, where William Wilberfoss was Mayor at the opening of the Great Rebellion. The same office was twice filled by his great grandson, who, for some reason, altered the name to Wilberforce. He had a lucrative business in the Baltic trade as well as a considerable landed property from his mother, an heiress of the Davye family. Robert, the younger of his two sons, was the father of William the future Statesman.



From a Bust in the "Wilberforce" School for the Blind.



From infancy his frame was feeble, his stature was small, his eyes weak, but his voice was always remarkable for its force and sweetness, and it is said that when he appeared at York to address a Meeting about the French Revolution, the great mass of people who packed the Castle Yard were amazed at the clear and musical utterance which from such a frail and insignificant personality seemed to fill with its sweet and persuasive tone the whole space between the Castle Walls. Having taken his Degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, at 17, he was, at 21, elected Member for Hull, and at once plunged into political and fashionable life in London. Pitt was his great friend in the former. Fox, Sheridan, and the élite of the London Clubs initiated him in the latter. It seemed as if he would be soon swallowed up in the reckless excesses prevalent in those days, when a trifling disappointment changed the whole tenour of his life and work.

Exhausted, at twenty-five, with London life he designed a Continental tour for his refreshment, and proposing to his friend, a Mr. Burgh at York, whose monument stands in the Minster, to become his companion, to his great surprise the offer was declined, but soon afterwards, having formed a chance acquaintance with Isaac Milner at Scarborough, the invitation was transferred to, and accepted by him, though at the time Wilberforce little knew the deep and serious principles of his life. "Had I known at first what his opinions were it would have decided me against the offer. So true is it that a gracious hand leads us in ways that we know not, and blesses us not only without, but even against our plans and inclinations," for the

result of his close intercourse during this and a subsequent journey was that the whole tenour of his thoughts and aspirations was changed, and his one ideal, one motive, was to benefit his fellow creatures, and promote the glory of God.

His first effort was to form a Society for the reformation of manners, and specially the blasphemous and indecent publications of the day, but Sydney Smith ridiculed it, and a nobleman to whom he appealed replied: "So you wish, young man, to be a reformer of men's morals. Look then, and see there what is the end of such reformers," pointing, as he spoke, to a picture of the Crucifixion.

By no means daunted, however, he proceeded, and secured many influential supporters; Sir W. Dolben, Lord North, Duke of Montague, Bishop Porteus, and others. But a greater work was before him in life. Thomas Clarkson appealed to him to take up in Parliament the question of Slavery which was then occupying the attention of philanthropists, and after consulting with Pitt he made up his mind to do so at the foot of a tree in Holmwood Park where there is now a stone placed to commemorate the fact.

It is perhaps impossible for us to realize the overwhelming magnitude of the task to which he had addressed himself. The profits arising from Slave Labour in the West Indies formed so large a portion of the wealth of the Nation, and of the incomes of those in high positions, that to attack it must have seemed indeed a forlorn hope. John Wesley's letter to Wilberforce, written on February 24th, the day before his own final

seizure, and, therefore, probably the last letter which he ever wrote, conveys the best impression of it. "My dear Sir.—Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to be an '*Athanasius contra mundum*,' I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing the execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? O! be not weary of well doing; go on in the Name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American Slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things is the prayer of

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

JOHN WESLEY."

Prostrate for a time by a dangerous illness, Pitt undertook to initiate the movement, and moved a Resolution pledging the House to deal with the Slave Trade in the following Session, and on May 12th, 1789, Wilberforce moved twelve Resolutions in an elaborate speech of three and a half hours, which supported by Pitt and Fox were carried without a division, and on February 23rd, 1807, the final debate took place, and the motion was carried by two hundred and eighty-three to sixteen. Romilly, the Solicitor General, in eloquent language speaking of "the honoured man who would that day lay his head upon his pillow and

remember that the Slave Trade was now no more," Wilberforce himself being too much affected to be conscious of the cheers which greeted him.

It would require far more space than is at my disposal to give any adequate idea of the variety and amount of labour, courage, and patience, required in the intervening time of eighteen years. The Meetings, the Committees, the Debates, the successes, the rebuffs which encouraged and discouraged, and created such a prolonged uncertainty that to many it must have seemed a fond ideal which could not come to pass, but at length the victory was achieved, and Wilberforce, "the object of unique respect" was "regarded as the authorized interpreter of the National conscience." He continued for some years his Parliamentary duties and Evangelical labours as a distinguished Member of the so called "Clapham Sect," but in 1821 finding his health becoming weak, and his private fortune diminishing, he left London and returned to Highwood Hill—eventually divided his time between his two sons, Samuel, Vicar of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester; and Robert, Vicar of East Farleigh, afterwards Archdeacon of the East Riding. He died July 29th, 1833. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey; the Lord Chancellor and Speaker acting as Pall Bearers. A Statue was placed there to his memory, another at Hull his birthplace, and here at York by the liberal contributions of his loving countrymen and many admirers, the Old Abbot's House was acquired and dedicated to the assistance and welfare of the blind.

What could be more appropriate, what more in accordance with the original purpose of the building and with his own wishes? For himself he neither laboured for anything, nor received anything. No pecuniary remuneration was ever offered to him, nor any dignity or title. His name is not enrolled amongst the Peers of England, or amongst the Knights of the Garter, but it has an undying position amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race, and his bust in the Blind School is to those who have eyes to see and sense to appreciate, an abiding memorial of the true nobility and dignity of a life animated by sincere Christian Faith, and devoted to the service of God, and a living encouragement to all who gaze upon it to rise above the selfishness of life and the allurement of all earthly things, and according to their means and opportunities to go and do likewise.

How far past generations had attained to this must be left to the charity which hopeth all things. In Wilberforce we recognize the genuine exponent of it. What shall be recorded in the Book of God, if not in the page of History, of ourselves?





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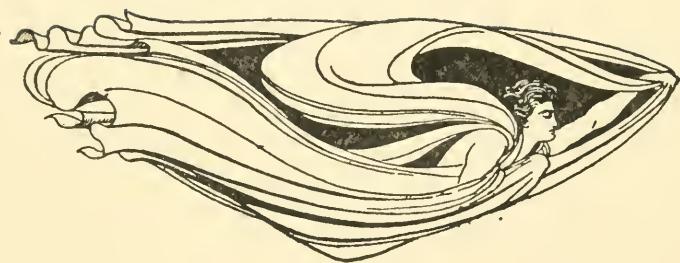
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